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FARTHER EXCURSIONS

OF THE

OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN,

EXEMPLIFIED

IN A

Tour to Margate.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By the Author of the "Observant Pedestrian," in two volumes, "Mystic Cottager," "Montrose," &c.

VOL. I.

"Laugh at the Jests or Pranks that never fail,
"Or sigh with Pity at some mournful Tale,
"Or press the bashful Stranger to his Food,
"And learn the Luxury of doing Good." *Goldsmith's Traveller.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. DUTTON, NO. 10, BIRCHIN-LANE, CORNHILL.

By J. D. Dewick, Aldersgate-street.

1801.

203. g. 181.

TO THE

REVIEWERS IN GENERAL.

HAVING already introduced to the world my Observant Pedestrian, whose brows have been crowned with laurel, without the incitement of a name, or patron to establish his celebrity; I have once more endeavoured to merit an equal portion of literary honour, by having complied with the solicitations of a numerous and respectable connection, in again collecting, from *truth* and *Nature*,

the various annexed pages which compose the second tour of my Pedestrian: and though I have not the temerity to shield myself with the ægis of Minerva, yet, conscious I am offering no prejudicial subject to inflame the credulity of youth, or offend the perspicuity of age, I rely on the clemency of that verdict the umpires of literary fate may please to decide, in proportion to its merits, or defects; but how will they be surprised to learn, that the subject is the sole effusions of a *female* pen, although the deep penetration of a *certain* critical class, could neither discern or imagine such ideas were composed by a *woman*;

woman; and, in consequence of that opinion, rewarded, with liberal encomium, a production they could only deem credible, from the superior abilities attached to the liberal and more expansive system of education and worldly knowledge inherited by the *lords* of the creation. The Authoress, therefore, presents herself before your tribunal in her real feminine character, averring, she aims not the arrow of sarcasm at any peculiar individual; neither has she written with any lancet dipped in gall. Nature, as she is, has guided her humble quill, unbiassed by partial prejudice; she, therefore, with respectful deference,

submits

submits her embryo to the fostering breezes of the mild invigorating sunbeam of Hope, whose influence, she trusts, will disperse every chilling blight that may assail its feeble and unprotected bloom; with which encouraging idea, she has the honour to subscribe herself, the Reviewers most obliged and obedient,

Humble servant,

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FARTHER EXCURSIONS

OF THE

OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

THE PROPOSAL.

TRUDGE's lame foot had long recovered its usual celerity, although one of my own had been severely twinged by a fit of the gout, early in the spring; but as Susan had tenderly swathed it—in fleecy hosiery, and nine folds of nine times dyed blue flannel, with daily portions of the justly-celebrated *vital* wine, with capital gruel, coddled in a silver sauce-pan, I enjoyed every comfort my disease permitted. No man more patient or flexible—Susan

never grumbled—My friends congratulated me on the prospect of long life and increasing wealth, being inseparable concomitants on the disease; and thus passed the days of torment. Poor Trudge, too, seemed to pity me; he would lick the flannel—gaze on the enveloped excrescence of agony—fix his noble, dark, penetrating eye on my cheerless countenance—and watch me with unremitting assiduity, never leaving my chair during my confinement.

At length, the summer drew her rosy mantle o'er the face of nature, and prompted me to express a wish of visiting a faithful friend of early attachment, who resided on the Kentish coast; but had you seen the countenance of Susan when I made the proposition, you had never forgotten it.

"Susan,"

"Susan," said I, "what's your opinion of air and exercise for the gout?"

"The best thing in the world, Sir."

"Then off I set to-morrow morning, please God. I'll take a trip to Margate; it will invigorate and revive my spirits."

Susan stood aghast. "To-morrow," replied she; "La, Sir, you be out of your mind—you be crazed in the wits—you han't been a week out of your flannel wraps, and now for to go to set scampering off to the *world's end*, in the broiling heat of the weather; its enough for to throw yourself into a *surfitation*.—Your face looks as yellow and as *rizzled* as a John-apple—and your eyes be as dull as a whiting;—and as for your lips, they have got no more colour in them than my old checked apron."

Here she paused.

"If your tongue was as much checked as your apron, good Susan, it would not be amiss; so lay by the flannels—lock up the gruel sauce-pan—cork up the valuable vital wine—and prepare me an extra shirt and cravat against the morning."

Susan burst into tears. "To think," cried she, "after all my care and pain in nursing you, you will be so *extropolis* as to go for to try to lay yourself up again. You'll be as lame as a duck—your legs will be as thick as *mill-postes* before you've got a hundeth-thousandth part of the way; and what are you to do then?"

"Bear it with Christian fortitude," said I; "get somebody to lift me into a comfortable post-chaise, and come home again, under your good care and management."

Susan

Susan bridled; her reproaches ceased, because her vanity was rouzed.

"You know you are the best nurse upon earth," continued I; "the most careful—the most tender—the most—"

"Which coat shall I brush, Sir?" hastily interrupted Susan, (whose cheek my eulogiums had crimsoned with conscious pleasure) "for, to be sure, if you *will* go, you must; I cannot help it, if I cry my eyes out; if I down on my knees, stiff as one of them is with the *rheumatiz*, it won't *argufy* nothing.—Lord, help me; what's the use of an old woman's advice now-a-days? The world will wag its own way, starve or thrive—peace or war—money or no money—its all one, as I see."

Susan now closed the door, and soon

returned with my trifling necessaries. A Pedestrian Traveller needs little equipment; one change of linen suffices my wants in general, for I always find sufficient amusement in every village, while my rustic laundress bleaches on some hedge my Sunday shirt and cravat. But, as in my former travels, I had been often wet to the skin, I now determined to prevent that inconvenience, by purchasing myself a complete oil-skin dress, as its utility, compared with its trifling weight, when pendant in my satchel, would add very little to the weight I am ever doomed to carry. And how far more honourable, to become an outward than an inward porter; for whether we bear in our bosoms a weighty conscience, a mind ponderous with iniquity, or a burthen upon our shoulders, we are still literally all porters in this world; though he who bears the heaviest load on his back,

back, feels it only a feather-weight, compared to the ponderosity of heart that oppresses the apparently disincumbered son of luxurious independence.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

"LA, Sir," cried Susan, "here's been a man brought *summut* for you, and he said it was a *hile*-skin. God knows what it is, but to my mind it looks for all the world like unto a *monstratious* large *diaculum* plaster; but I suppose it belongs to some nasty outlandish creature. —What be ye going to do with it, Sir, have it stuffed and hanged up any where?"

"I shall stuff myself into it," said I, unfolding and slipping it on. Susan seemed thunderstruck.

"The

"The Lord *portect* me," exclaimed she, "you makes me in a cold shiver. Oh, gracious God! don't come anearst me; you looks like an outlandish *mock-turtle's belly*, as I've seen carried along the streets to make soup of, with their *short legs*, and their *paws* dangling; only you ben't so blubber-eyed, to be sure."

The idea tickled my fancy, and I burst into a laugh. "Thank you, good Susan, for the compliment; I give you credit for the simile of a mock-turtle; there you may be right, for all the world knows, that's made of a calve's head; but as to a real turtle having *legs* and *paws*, is a thing I never heard of; I presume you mean fins?"

"Aye, fins, or *pins*, or what d'ye call 'ums; I don't understand grammar, not I," replied Susan, still surveying me. "Howsomever, it's the *rummest* great

coat I ever saw; I would not swaddle myself up in such a thing for the *varsal* world."

"Perhaps you imagine it would spoil your beauty," replied I. "Now, as I have short legs, paws, and blubber-eyes to conceal, as *you observe*, it will hide those woful defects."

Susan coloured deep scarlet. "No, Sir; I *axes* pardon; I did not mean to offend you; I said, mock-turtles had such things."

"Mock-turtle," said I, "I tell you again, is made of calve's-head."

"I'll swear the thing I saw was no calve's-head, nor tail neither," answered Susan. "It was a round, paunchy, foreign-looking thing, without life or soul in it; and if you was spread out upon the

the carpet, a top of your back, I do say, you'd be like a *mock*-turtle.'

"That's a calve's-head again," repeated *I.*

"Lord, have mercy; how provoking it is to be told to one's face that one's a fool," said Susan, her under lip quivering with rage.

"Here," cried I, extending my hand, "lay hold of my *paw*, if you are not afraid." Susan paused, and then gently touching the sleeve, "I wonder," cried she, "what sort of a creature this was when it was alive? It feels as sticky as our *Rummernella;* I wonder whether it was a savage *hanimal*, or not; mayhap, as fierce as a tiger, and as big as an *helephant*; I dare say it used to swim rarely when it was in the sea; though, mayhap, too, it

might come from *Jemayco.* When I lived with old 'Squire Marmaduke, he had a power of outlandish *curositiès* from *Jemayco*; little black *sham negers*, with wiggle-waggle heads, and pearl *cabelits*, and long tall what-d'ye-call-ums, like church steeples, and beautiful *beadles*, with *dimont skins*, and——"

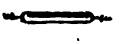
"A fig for Jamaica," cried I, tired with her ludicrous description.

"Aye, aye," replied Susan, "there's *multitudes* of figs there, and *reasons* too."

"But I see no reason," resumed I, "why we should both be wasting our time in chattering about what so little concerns us; therefore, you to your business, I to mine; and leave 'Squire Marmaduke to the contemplation of his Indian curiosities."

THE

THE COAT OF ARMS.



POSTING nimbly through the city, to take leave of a friend previous to my ramble, a splendid carriage at the door of a banker, arrested both my step and attention; the emblazoned arms half covering the pannel, were magnificently executed in enamel, but they were not graced by a coronet or supporters; and for the first time in my life I regretted my deficiency in the science of heraldry. 'Ah!' thought I, 'no such gew-gaws shall deck my carriage; when I sport it in the Bond-street train, it shall be stiled an *eccentric*, and my coat of arms shall be of my own planning; indebted to the genius of no herald

herald upon earth, it shall singly consist of my constant and favourite essentials, viz. a *clothes-brush*, and a *pen and ink*, with a *shoe* for my crest.'

Yes, reader, thou mayst smile, but I always had such a predilection for the above-mentioned articles, that were I to cast my eye on a clothes-brush, or a pen and ink, fifty times in a day, I should always feel an instinctive propensity to use them. I remember my poor dear aunt Debby, of everlasting memory, once gave me a violent box on the ear, when a lad, for presuming to frame a coat of arms for her carriage, drawn by the wheezy dock-tailed family blacks; for, in the moment of youthful conception, I had designed on a scrap of paper, three *dozing cats*, and three *snuff-boxes*, crested by a *pack of cards*, which so enraged the little maid of purity, that I had like to have

have been scratched out in the *necessary memorandum* of *longs* and *shorts*; to make amends for which, I reversed the paper, and having heard her vow an hundred times, she had refused three knights, I drew a heart and purse, with three hands, and three darts pointing at them; the crest, a Cupid in the dumps; and the motto, "Invulnerable." Aunt Deb.'s mouth puckered into a smile, and I was rewarded with the epithet of an arch little fellow.

A DAY'S

A DAY's PLEASURE.

PREVIOUS to my departure, Susan had requested a day's pleasure, adding, she had the offer of a ticket for the play, an amusement she had not partaken of for fifteen years; and as it would cost her *nothing*, she had determined to accept the invitation, with my permission.

No sooner was it granted, and my breakfast finished, than off sat Susan to Battersea, tricked out in her best black russel, and her piony chintz, with a stiff-starched Ghenting apron and handkerchief, a double-plaited coif, projecting four inches beyond the edge of a small bonnet, while round her throat hung a dozen

dozen nooses of black ribbon, dangling like a cluster of leeches; her rosy cheeks varnished with soapy polish, and a straggling skein of glossy hair divided on her forehead.

Thus equipped, she bustled into the parlour, to display her pageantry.

"So," said I, "the yellow soosee, and the neat half-inch check, are thrown aside to-day?"

"Lauk-a-daisey, to be sure," answered she "one does not take *pleasure* every day."

"God grant you merry and happy, Susan."

"Thank ye Sir.—I shall be home in good time, as soon as the play ends;"—and off she whisked as agile as a squirrel.

Now,

Now, reader, I must intrude on your patience, while I relate the pleasure Susan experienced, which having anticipated all night, had deprived her of sleeping; neither had she tasted an ounce of breakfast.—In this flurry of promised delight, she set off; and having ran herself out of breath, just arrived to a moment, for a snug seat on the box of the Battersea coach, the driver of which had promised her a ride gratis. Dripping with heat, and smothered in dust, she had nearly reached her destination, when a sudden jolt in the road stopping the fore wheel, jerked her off into a quick-set-hedge, and the coach was with difficulty saved from overturning.

The shrieks of Susan soon brought her assistance from the passengers, who raising her from the entanglement of the briars, discovered her face wofully lacerated

rated by the thorns, and covered with blood—the poor, dear, treasured apron and handkerchief rent in shivers, while her cap and bonnet were left dangling on the hedge.

In this cruel plight, she was humanely conveyed to the house of her friend, the burning tears of vexation flowing down the relics of her tattered finery; and it was not before a cup of ale enlivened and revived her spirits, that she began to reflect it was a mercy she had escaped with whole limbs. At length, after planning how she could make the best of her misfortune, by converting the ragged remnants into cap borders, &c. and having well sluiced her wounded face with brandy, and adorned the deepest scars with sticking-plaster, in *nine different directions*, the poor, maimed, *pleasure hunter*, again sat off, nothing discouraged, with her

her friends to the little theatre in the Hay-market; first *treating* herself with a walk from Battersea to the gallery-door, in ascending to which region, she lost one of her shoes, in a violent croud that left her panting for respiration at the top of the stairs, vociferating, in broken squall, for her new calimanco shoe, bound with scarlet, and a *square* silver buckle, *without corners.*

In vain she begged every body to search for it—her poor patched scarlet face exhibiting so droll an aspect, that an universal laugh, and reprobation alone, answered her; and, after waiting a full half hour, and searching every nook and corner, she was obliged to submit to have her foot tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and patiently take her seat on the back-row, behind a very tall fat butcher, who totally precluded all possible

ble view of the stage, every other seat being eagerly filled, while she had been hunting on the stairs.

Mortified to the quick by the jeers of the gods and goddesses on the loss of the scarlet-bound calimanco, and the *square* buckles *without corners*, poor Susan could be literally said to *enjoy* nothing but heat and effluvia, which overpowered her to so eminent a degree, that sick and ill, she was obliged to go out for air.

She had sat fanning herself several minutes with a handful of her gown-tail in the passage, when in an obscure corner she espied something glitter, and to her great *joy* found her poor buckle, mashed to pieces, but no traces of her shoe. Folding it up, with an intention of securing it in her screw money-box, what was her terror to find the pocket ripped

ripped and empty, with the little screw-sanctorum, containing a hoarded half-guinea, and a *lucky* sixpence, all vanished.

"Never was poor wretch so beset," exclaimed Susan; "God send me safe home, for I could lay down and die in this very place for spite."

Tears choaked her utterance—her friends deplored her loss; and begging her to console herself, led her back to her seat, where she had not been many minutes before she found herself seated in a pool of oil, from a lamp that trickled down the wall, and deluged, in enormous patches, her rich piony chintz.

Susan now earnestly entreated to go home, though she had neither heard or seen any more of the play than if she had been in Jamaica; for her perpetual disas-

ters

ters had kept her in full employ, and when she reached the street, she found her evening's pleasure was to close with a bare-foot tramp home in a thunder-storm. No coach was attainable—the rain beat in torrents—the thunder growled—the lightning flashed—and Susan, terrified beyond description, found no alternative but to wrap her gown over her head, grease or no grease, and, with her muffled foot, and stockings dripping wet to the calves of her legs, to pace home as fast as possible. Judge, reader, when her furious rap demanded admittance at my door—judge, how the *votary* of *pleasure* made her entrée, while her disconcerted companions explained the disastrous tale.

I shall not animadvert—I shall leave the reader to judge of Susan's feelings, losses, and crosses; and when she begged

me

me next morning to calculate what was the amount of the damages she had sustained, she found, to her sorrow, that the *pleasure* which was to have cost *nothing*, had cleared her pocket of one pound ten, with the addition of a lacerated face, and a violent cold into the bargain.

Such is pleasure—so alluring its prospect—yet often so ultimately deceitful. Susan little dreamed of the labyrinth in which it ensnared her; but when she found its pursuit so materially injurious both to her health and pocket, she wisely observed, she was convinced it was better to stay at home and *get* money, than to gad abroad and *lose* it; "and henceforth," said she, "I never will say, I am determined to-morrow shall be a day of pleasure, because as how I never suffered such a day of troubles and *accidencies* in my life; and I'm sure I shall be more happier

happier for the future in my *half-inch check*, as master calls it, than stuck out at the devilish play-house, in my fine white Ghenting; mayhap it was a *judgmint* upon me for being so flaunty."

"Pleasure," replied I, "is seldom without its alloy."

"I don't know what an *alloy* is," said Susan, "but I know I have had enough of what you call *pleasure*, for one seven years to come."

THE BRICK-DUST BOY.

THURSDAY at length arriving, off I set with Trudge. "God bless you, Sir;—take care of the gout;—don't fatigue yourself," were the last words of Susan's voice, echoing on my ear, as I heard her close the door with a deep sigh, and a portentous shake of the head, as much as to say, "you will obstinately persist in going, and must take the consequences." My little satchel was not cumberous; and my spirits being in full flow, I walked briskly on, till in the vicinity of Kent-street, a poor little, limping, object of misery, caught my attention. It was the wretched figure of a boy about nine years old, clad only

only in a ragged pair of leather breeches, barely decent; his heels enveloped in filthy rags, scarcely concealing dreadful wounds, in the most deplorable state, so agonizing, that the perspiration dropped off the little sufferer, by the effort of merely crawling one step in a minute. Across his back hung a ponderous bag of brick-dust, which bent him double; his poor innocent features were only distinguishable from the mask of red sand that encrusted them, by the torrents of tears that had laved his cheeks in furrows; and his curly matted pole, powdered with the same composition, hung in dishevelled shade over his pitiful face. He attempted to cry, "Brickdust, ho!" twice; but his tremulous voice failed; and he sunk under his burthen at the door of a mechanic. Many had passed him, but no one regarded his misery.

"God help the baby," said I, involuntarily, as he fell; the brick-dust scattered at the door, and I flew to his assistance, but the master of the shop was before-hand with me—not to relieve the boy—not to compassionate him, but to attempt kicking him off the white stone sill he had soiled.

"Get out, you dirty young *red* devil," cried he, hurling the bag on the pavement. "You little beastly hound, here's a pickle, indeed; get up, you rascal, or I'll teach you to smear my door in this condition."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried I, arresting his huge athletic arm, raised in the attitude of striking, "Do you not see, the poor little wretch is incapable of moving? Have you a Christian's humanity? And can you wreak the vengeance of a savage on a harmless being whose

whose only crime is sinking beneath his burthen at your door, and defiling that pitiful threshold that constitutes your present arrogance?"

"Who are *you*, to dare insult me in my own house?" asked the mechanic, with indignant hauteur.

"I am," replied I, "a Christian, whose soul shrinks with abhorrence from that being, who, with the fairest 'semblance, conceals the most callous heart. Yet, hadst thou one chord of sensibility twined round that heart, though it were slender as the cobweb film, thou couldst not insult human nature by the debasement of humanity; a virtue that would make thee blush to witness, springing from the unenlightened soul of a Hottentot, or the example of the brute creation—each thy superior far, remorseless man."

I had touched him to the quick by arraigning his compassion; he looked earnestly at me, then at the boy, and then at me again.

"Something must be done with him," said he, pausing, to enquire my opinion.

"If this was my home," replied I, "he should not be driven from it without comfort and relief; I would bathe his wounds—cleanse his flesh—cherish his hunger—and see him safe home, where I would admonish the cruelty of his parents or master, in suffering a fellow-creature to languish, a prey to agony, misery, and despair.

Instantly the mechanic raised the boy, and led him into a little back parlour. "We'll try the effect," said he, ordering a bowl of water; and politely handing me

me a chair, requested me to be seated. "You have hurt my feelings, Sir," said he, laying his hand on his breast, which seemed to labour with indignant struggle. "I acknowledge myself an impetuous man, but I have not a bad heart; and before the boy leaves my house, you shall see I am not to be outdone, either in feeling or benevolence; and if the poor child is willing to resign his present course of life, I will take him into my service, and the next time you pass my door, I trust you will call in and learn from his own lip that his master is no *savage;* but that he is treated with the utmost tenderness his station permits, and rewarded according to his merits. He will then, Sir, become a monument of your philanthropy, and my reformation."

I offered him my hand; he shook it with cordiality; a female servant was ordered

dered to wash the boy, whom she sluiced pretty handsomely; for, I believe, never before had he received such a scrubbing; his wounded heels were bathed with brandy, and his dusty rags exchanged for an old suit of the apprentice's.

Thus, rendered decent and comfortable, the little object of misery was a perfectly transformed being; nor should I have recognized him, had I not been a by-stander during his metamorphose.

Being now questioned, whence he came, and to whom he belonged, we learnt he was an orphan, eleven years of age; that he worked constantly in the brick-fields, where he was treated with the most rigid severity by a pitiless master, in whose service he had endured the most cruel hardships, and often, half expiring with famine, had dropped under the lacerating

cerating strokes of the tyrant's whip-cord; the cold damp earth pillowing his head, sheltered only by the canopy of Heaven.

Alive to the distresses of my fellow-creatures, could I be better employed, than seeking out this human monster, and telling him I had freed an innocent victim from his brutality? Therefore, leaving the boy, devouring with avidity a substantial piece of bread and cheese, I hastened to the directed spot, where I found the man of oppression, and briefly relating the circumstance, I demanded why the boy had been so inhumanly treated?

He replied, "He was a lazy, saucy rascal, and he had other things to attend to beside his infirmities; desired his bag might be sent back, and never hoped to

see him again, for he might go to the d—l, his own way, as soon as he liked."

"There he will never go," said I, "for fear of *meeting you.*"

The fellow growing scurrilous, I left him; for the dart of conscience can alone pierce the heart of iron; the powers of rhetoric are like a feeble wave dashing against a rock, which receives no impression from its scourge.

THE PENSIONER.

I HAD bent my steps to Greenwich without any particular occurrence, and previous to eating my dinner, had strolled towards the hospital. It was near three o'clock; the heat was excessive, and I found a few minutes rest would be an agreeable relief after a dusty walk; I therefore directed my step to the western quadrangle, and seated myself beside a veteran pensioner, who was reposing on his crutch, enjoying the shady breeze. A few straggling white hairs wafted across his sun-burnt forehead, and shaded a countenance impressed with the serenity of virtue; a wooden leg and mutilated hand denoted him the victim of

valour. He was reading in a small bible which he modestly closed as I took my seat, while Trudge extended himself on the broad, white pavement. The first subject of conversation ever started by an Englishman is the *weather;* and the oppression of heat, at this period, had become a general theme.

It was a subject soon commenced by the pensioner, and joined by myself. The general debilitation of the heat had affected him.

I cast my eyes on his substituted limb and maimed hand. I asked him if he were susceptible of any pain.

"No, Sir," said he; "many a weary day has passed since I have complained of bodily agony. Alas! I have felt *more* pain from a wounded heart!"

He

He sighed deeply; the sympathy of my soul responded; his intelligent eye fixed on mine, as much as to say, "Shall I tell you my woe-fraught tale?"

His language was not the untutored effusions of vulgarity; and he seemed by his address to be a being of superior order to the class to which he belonged.

"Listen," said pity; "perhaps thy humble morality may speak comfort to a wounded spirit." So, laying down my walking-stick, across which I had slung my satchel, I tucked my hand in my bosom, and leaning my head against a projecting window-sill, I gave him every opportunity of communicating the recital, if he thought proper, by asking how long he had been a pensioner in this comfortable asylum.

"The

"The glorious sun," replied he, casting his eyes with benignant reverence to Heaven, "has passed ten circuits o'er this hospitable pile, since I first became one of its inhabitants. Ah! stranger, thou hadst never seen me here, if the persecution of the unjust had not forced me to seek the refuge and benefits so humanely bestowed on the victims of war. But I intrude on your indulgence of conversation; a thousand other topics will be more interesting; the garrulity of age, confined to a recital of sorrows, must, indeed, be no subject of entertainment, save to the sympathetic heart, that can pity and improve by the rectitude of its brighter virtues."

"If the recital of sufferings which have pierced thy bosom, be not too poignant for remembrance to dwell on," replied I, "and thou wilt deign to impart them

them to the ear of a stranger, believe me, thou shalt never repent the confidence thou mayst repose in me."

"Alas!" returned he, "there is, methinks, an impressive fascination in thy features, that tells me thou art a philanthropist, or I can illy read the delineations of the heart. Thy countenance was never stamped in the iron mould of severity; and if I mistake not, thou possessest a pelicanized bosom, that feeds with its own vital stream the cravings of the suppliant; but I implore alone thy pity, all other wants are obviated by the bounty of Heaven. Yet as the setting sun would veil his splendid glory in the robe of night, and the bell summon me to my pillow, ere I had half repeated my eventful narrative, I'll not detain thee, worthy traveller, by my prolixity. I have sustained, as you perceive, the loss of

of a limb, in battle, but it was lopped in a glorious cause; I bled for my king and country; and were I not disabled, I would still, undaunted, brave the carnaged wave."

He brandished his crutch as he spoke; a gleam of valour sparkled in his eye, while the energy of ideal victory flushed his weather-beaten cheek.

"Oh! that I was but once again the happy, thoughtless sea-boy," exclaimed he; "when lashed to the dripping shroud, the bleak and furious tempest, lulled me, in exalted cradle, to repose, while plaintive whistle cheered my peaceful heart—'twas then I knew no care—no thorn had then been planted on my pillow. But, alas! on how many have I pressed the aching head of age?—How many have lacerated this heart of despair?—and

—and how many are yet reserved for the piercing dart of memory to plunge into its last tremulous vibrations!"

"Thou hast indeed tasted the cup of affliction," said I.

"Yes," replied the veteran, "I *have* drained its deepest dregs: to analyse the potion, would almost puzzle an alchymist —'twas composed of perfidious love—fatal credulity, and unmerited poverty; till the relenting hand of Fate mingled one fervent drop of genuine affection, to counteract, for a while, the fatal effects of its concomitants."

A brilliant tear of recollection started in his eye—he paused—brushed it off with his sleeve, and drawing from his pocket a small leathern bag, he opened it, and presented me a curious agate box.

"This,"

"This," said he, emphatically, "this is my jewel cabinet; it contains the only treasure I possess."

I lifted the lid: it encased a small lock of jetty hair, curiously platted with bits of gold.

"Ah! precious relic," cried he, "inestimable memento of my beloved Cora, sole solace of my grief!"

He took it from the box, and laying it in his hand, pressed it to his heart with miserly grasp; then raised it to his lips, whispered an effervent ejaculation low and incomprehensible; and as he replaced it, another tear fell on the lid of the box, and he hurried it, with disordered energy, into his pocket.

"Stranger," said he, laying his hand on

on my arm, "when wilt thou repass this spot?"

"Perhaps in a fortnight," replied I.

"Then," continued he, "during thy absence I will daily commit to paper my little eventful narrative, to present thee on thy return; for, alas! I feel that a verbal recital would infantize my feelings, and render me the sport of fortitude. But I can write and weep unseen in my little cabin; and though I may deliver it thee with a tremulous hand, yet thou'lt not witness a weakness that might now overpower the instability of human nature."

"And, as sure as Heaven permits, I will call for thy interesting promise," replied I. "But where shall I find thee? For whom enquire?"

"If

"If you pass at evening," answered he, "you will most probably find me on this very seat; but should you not see me, enquire for Fitzalbert, in the Queen's Ward."

The sun was declining, as I rose to pursue my journey; and Trudge, shaking off the fetters of sleep, was watching my departure. I shook hands with the pensioner, invoked the blessing of health and peace to comfort his declining days, and reluctantly quitted the company of a man whose sympathetic feelings had twined a cord of friendship round my heart, that I found would most willingly draw me towards the improvement of his acquaintance. There appeared so much sensibility in his composition, that I seemed to have discovered a diamond of inestimable brilliancy and polish, where I only imagined I was surveying a rough-hewn piece of rock.

k. Noble sailor, if the susceptible
ırt of my reader as anxiously antici-
es the detail of thy narrative as myself,
w impatiently will he turn the leaves
he satisfies his curiosity; or if that
der should chance (as most probable)
be a female, how will she execrate my
gion in exercising her patience so
ɔrmously? Forgive me, amiable fair, for
this moment, I know not myself either
: sorrows of Fitzalbert, or the love and
tues of Cora, which my humble pen
ıy be doomed to gratify you with.

USEFUL

USEFUL HINTS.

PURSUING my walk across Blackheath, I was obliged to put in at a neat little public house, for a heavy shower, during which delay, I thought it not improvident to take a cup of tea. The landlord, with great civility, soon brought in the humble equipage; and being of a loquacious turn, and having no other guest to wait upon, he began caressing Trudge, and admiring his beauty. He had replenished my tea-pot—killed three wasps with the dangling white duster that depended from his pocket—and was just enlarging on the superior qualities of *his* cyder, when the lovely infant princess passed in her carriage close by the window.

dow. "God A'mighty love and bless her little face," cried he, running to the door to make his most obsequious reverence; then as hastily returning, "I'd run a mile," exclaimed he, "if I was ever so busy, to see her shake her sweet white daddle to the folks as she passes, just as *thof* she was one of *us*—a beautiful little creature. I warrant you, now, how her heart jumps for joy at the thoughts of going to Weymouth to see her royal grandfather—that's where she's brushing off to. Ah! we ought to make much of her, for I'm *afeard* we sha'n't have many more; it makes my heart ache to think how vast *solantary* the poor dear princess her mother will be without her, for she's a doating fond mother, that's for *sartin*; and, as I often says of her royal highness, she's like a beautiful rose among all the nettles. Lord, help us, what a thing it must be, to be torn away from

from one's dearest friends, and come into a strange country, where, because nobody knows us, nobody won't take the trouble to learn whether we've got any virtues or not, till they *shines* out so bright, that they dazzles ones eyes, and warms ones heart. Lack-a-daisy, it makes me think of my poor Joe, that's gone to *Hindy:* as I said, says I, what a *nonsical* thing it is for you to go; who'll care a rush for you—you can't expect to find friends, but what your own good behaviour will gain you; —and if you chance to say one wry word, every thing will go crooked afterwards.

"Pooh! if I was an angel from Heaven, I could not please every body, father," says he. "I warrant you, I shall find some good sort of people who will protect me from the envy and malice of others. While I carries a good heart in my breast, I ben't *afread* of a few *sarpents.*"

sarpents." And so, as I was a saying, I never see our lovely princess, but she puts me in mind of Joe's words; and I do as heartily bless and pray for her every Sunday, as I do for our own daily bread. Talking of that, what a glorious harvest we have had; now, who will dare to say there's smut in the corn, and the fly, and such like pretty pretences. Why, as I hope for mercy, if I did not give one of our 'squires such a rap of the conscience, as made him look queerish again; for, ye see, he was a saying as how though people cried out there was a plenty, and a plenty, his wheat had got a devilish lot of the red-bug in it. "Aye, aye, your honour," says I, "but we've suffered a plaguey deal more through the *hum-bugs*, than any other bugs." Lord God! how sharp he looked. 'Twas a sly touch of mine, 'd'ye see, and he turned on his heel, like a dog with a singed tail; but it's all one; the rich

are carping for all they *can* get, and the poor are harping for what they *cannot* get; and so between the high and the low, the middlemost comes to the ground. Lord, love ye, where d'ye see notability now-a-days? Where's your tight farmers' wives, in their red cloaks and black stockings, riding to market with their butter and eggs, and when quarter-day comes, can rout out the long canvas bag of savings, to pay comfortably and honestly for the necessaries of life? Those were your days, not such as we see now; egad, there an't a farmer's wife that knows a wheat-ear from a barley-corn. No, no, forsooth! every one changes their coat, like a lobster, and they dish themselves forth, like *Hingy* queens, with their *nonsical* whims. I dare swear, soon, our leasers will have your *pair of soul* thingumbobs, to keep the sun off of them too; by George, the world's pretty nigh top-

sy-

sy-turvy, for the women and the men will shortly be all Adams and Eves; and, I warrant ye, soon, they won't give themselves the trouble to wear even a fig-leaf—things are at a pretty pitch; but, its my thoughts, they won't come to their end yet."

Thus far had his loquacity remained uninterrupted by me, till a dashing curricle driving furiously up to the door, put an end to mine host's panegyric, and obliged him to attend the summons of so dazzling an equipage.

The driver, in alighting, instantly brought to my recollection an intimate friend, whom the fractures of his harness had obliged to stop; and while his servant was employed in assisting to repair it, we took a glass of brandy and water, by way of making good for the house.

I soon found my friend was bowling off for Margate, and kindly offered me a conveyance, which I declined, by assuring him, I preferred walking.

"You are a queer being," cried he. "What, I suppose you are, Quixotte-like, rambling in quest of new adventures?"

"I am," said I; "and were I to accept your offer, I fear I should feel very discontented, to have arrived at the end of my journey without being able to enjoy one single reflection of having improved the passing hours in any office of humanity; because, in the velocity of travelling, I should, perhaps, have whirled by many objects of misery, without investigating the source of their distress, or improving their comfort; but, as the evening lowers, and the road from hence to D——— is dreary, I will accept your kind

kind offer of a conveyance thither, and enjoy a social tête-a-tête supper.

"Agreed," cried he; "but I must first make my bow at aunt Rachel's, where ten to one but the whole *Tabby*-club are assembled at one of their nightly shuffling parties; and I think I can introduce you to as complete a set as ever filled the annals of record; you make your own observations; and after supper, I will furnish you with their respective characters."

"But I shall, probably, be an unwelcome intruder," said I.

"No, no!" replied my friend, "quite the reverse; a male associate in these assemblies is considered a most enviable acquisition; and the parchment necks of these female quizzes will be stretched at

least two inches, to gain the precedence of superior attraction, the moment you make your entrée; but remember, the conquest will be all your own, for they execrate me as they would the devil, because I never cease a complete volley of botheration at every table, from the moment I enter till the respective lanterns and clogs convey them home; and as I always call to pay my duty to aunty Tabbina, *en passant*, I generally pop in upon this scandalous class of *pincher-bobs.*"

We now jumped into the curricle, and arrived at D——— without any material occurrence; for the evening proving wet, allowed us neither time or opportunity to gratify humanity or curiosity.

My dear inseparable comforter, the clothes-brush, was the first enjoyment I availed myself of; and a clean neckcloth, sprucely

sprucely twisted on, a-la-mode, with fresh shoes and stockings, soon equipped me to accompany my friend to aunt Rachel's, where my lively rakish companion introduced me, with wonderful gravity, to the quizzical group.

THE TABBY CARD-PARTY.

AUNT Rachel, who was at this instant watching, with breathless agitation, the turn of a trump-card, on the decision of which depended her *agony-point*, gave us only a significant nod of taciturnity, and the moment her unlucky partner turned up the frightful, portentous three of spades, her features became the picture of *envy*, *hatred*, and *malice*, while, with all *uncharitableness*, sat her simpering and exulting opponents puckering their blue shrivelled lips into a smile of joyous *six-penny* victory.

"Confound the cards," exclaimed aunt

aunt Rachel, as her partner's king fell a victim to the triumphant ace.

"What in the world, Miss *Gab*, could possess you, to pass Miss *Riskall*'s queen? You must have been out of your senses; that comes of chattering with my nephew; for my part, my head's like chaos, the moment any body begins to jabber. Whist should be whist, or else people should never play. Nephew, I wish to God, you would never speak till the game is over."

"Why, my dear aunt, I came on purpose to ask you how you do; an errand I could not very well accomplish *without* speaking."

"True; but you should have waited, nephew, till the rubber was out."

"Well, well, I'm off—I'm off;—if that's the case, I shall brush to-morrow morning at four, twelve miles an hour, and not differ a second by the first stop-watch in England. Bowl over the flats—dash down the hills—square my elbows—tip 'em the riggle, in stile; and if I knock down an old woman, or crack the skull of a wheezy lap-dog, why, I'm a dashing fellow, the girls say, and that accounts for it. Now, here's my old friend Sobersides, who would turn Samaritan even to a frog, and preach you a lecture of morality over it half an hour long, never killed any thing in his life, not so much as a *character*, if it were even unworthy to live; though he always carries about him a set of the sharpest-barbed little arrows I ever met with; and where he takes *aim*, the object never escapes him."

"Dear me," exclaimed Miss Lash'em, "we

"we must all provide ourselves a set of shields, if this formidable gentleman was to reside amongst us."

"Alas! Madam," said I, "'tis vice-versa; I only should require the shield, or the artillery of eyes and hearts would soon reduce me to ashes."

"Hah! hah! hah!" cried aunt Rachel, "*we* should soon reduce you to tinder, I do believe, though perhaps you are proof against scorching, if one may be allowed to judge by appearance."

"If I were not," replied I, "I should not have assumed the temerity of intruding myself on the present company; and if I can but escape with an unwounded heart, I must compound for any fracture my character may sustain, as I must leave that in the public posses-

sion of the fair tribunal, whose clemency I most humbly intreat."

At this instant, one of the ladies handed me her snuff-box, from which, politeness obliged me to take a pinch, though a custom I detest. She was a tall, meagre-looking woman, whose sallow smoke-dried skin gave her more the appearance of a witch, than an angel; her enormous mouth, stretched from ear to ear, with a grin of civility, exhibited a mutilated row of ebony stumps, which, with her long-flapped ears, and *naked parchment scrag*, displayed to the extreme of fashion, rendered her an object that particularly marked my attention, added to the unmeaning frivolity of her incessant small-talk. I observed my friend noticing the survey I was taking of this loquacious dame, who, as I then imagined, headed the apish list of antiquated vir-

in s

gins. He gave me a significant nod, and was just beginning to rattle away again about his Margate journey, when the servant announced the arrivals of half a dozen lanterns, cloaks, clogs, &c. and the general bustle of a complimentary parting scene ensued.

"Madam, good evening—I *hope* I shall be very happy to see you on Tuesday." A prim curtsey, fan in hand, and a significant bridle, constituted the first sortie.

"Good-night—good-night!" exclaimed Miss *Positive Snap-shorto*, with a bob and a nod. "You'll not be later than six, on Wednesday; for every body who sips my *cuchang*, knows I love punctuality." So nipping up a portion of her little scanty petticoat, away she popped on *tiptoe stride*.

The

The consequential sister of an *intended* bishop, next followed, diffusing, like her stately brother from his pulpit, her parting blessing; for with spread hands, and bending body, as if her knee disdained the contraction of reverence more than once a week, she exclaimed, in sonorous tone, "God bless you, my dear friend; may we all meet in health and happiness at the usual hour, on Friday." She then, turning short, sailed out of the room, leaving a yard of white surplus floating over an entanglement of pattens in the entry.

No sooner had the door closed, than aunt Rachel packed up her cards in *double* paper, and snuffing out all the candles but one, calmly took her seat by the side of her nephew.

"Will you," said she, "will you and your

your friend eat a cucumber with me? Bless me, Molly," turning to the family oracle, who was replacing the polished card-tables, "I fear we have nothing but a bit of cold scrag in the house, have we, Molly? Could you find any thing else —hey?"

"There's nothing to find, Ma'am, but the bones the cat picked for dinner," replied the upstart menial; "but if the gentlemen choose to sup here, I can soon step and get a chicken, or a duck, or a rabbit, or any thing, in short, *for money.*"

"Hem! true," replied aunt Rachel, the tinge of vexation crossing her cheek. "Well, get a rabbit, then, Molly, a good large one; d'ye hear? and a—and a—boil it with some a—"

"Aye!

"Aye! aye! I knows how," answered Molly, slamming the door, without waiting for her message.

I now began to remonstrate on the trouble we were giving the good lady, and proposed returning to our inn.

"Pooh! pooh!" cried she; "I seldom see my nephew above once a year; and its hard if I can't *treat* him with a bit of supper."

"That's your sort, aunty," exclaimed my friend. "Shall I whip into the cellar for you, and *dig* out a bottle of old port?"

"No, no, indeed, you'll never get footing there, I promise you faithfully; at least, not while I'm alive," said the old lady, jingling over her keys, and lighting her little wax taper.

"You

"You had better let me go," repeated my friend.

"Do, pray stay where you are," answered aunt Rachel; "and when I want your company, I'll call you."

"God love her stingy soul!" cried he, as she tottered along the passage. "I'd give a crown to whip a table-cloth over my head, and stride after her, if I dared."

Scarce had he uttered his wish, when a violent shriek from aunt Rachel, and the cry of "Help! help!" assailed our ears.

"Propitious Gods!" exclaimed he. "Now for a peep at the grand collection —Now for it, my boy—follow me;" and snatching up the candle, we run down stairs, and were in an instant at the cellar-door.

SPIRITUOUS COMFORT.

FLAT on her back lay aunt Rachel, as dead as a herring, clasping a mashed bottle, whose ruby contents had deluged her dress.

We spoke, but she moved not—we endeavoured to raise her, but she was immovable; and not being versed in the feminine practices of restoration, nor being fribbles enough to carry a smelling-bottle, we had no resource but a bason of water, with which we plentifully sprinkled her pallid countenance; but still she revived not.

"What

"What is to be done?" said I; "the servant's return is very uncertain. Let us lift her into the kitchen, and open a window."

"Let's take a peep first," cried my friend, holding up the candle, and peeping into the wine-binn. "Aunty," said he, "seems to have got a devilish lot of dead stock. Here's a nice possy of empty brandy cags, piled up. I thought the old girl loved a drop of comfort, to repel her evening windy affections. Poor Æola! the boisterous zephyrs of thy stomach are certainly oftentimes very troublesome.

"Upon my soul," continued he, "aunt Rachel would be a valuab lecreature in a dead calm, for her violent gusts would set a whole fleet of Indiamen in motion. But, however, come along; here's

here's very little sport for man or beast; for, faith, here's neither wine to revive the one, or amusement for the other; no corks for the rats—no diversion for cats: I see nothing but half a dozen shabby bottles—a few wizen'd brandy-cherries—and a few more mouldy goose-berries. Zounds! give me the key—here's nothing worth routing for."

At that moment Mrs. Molly rapped at the door; which I ran to open, while my friend supported his still lifeless burthen.

No sooner had Molly gained the intelligence, than she bustled to her mistress's assistance; and with proper application the good lady soon revived; declaring, her foot missed the threshold, and in her fall, imagined she struck her head; "and what's worse than all," continued

tinued aunt Rachel, "it was the only bottle of port I have in the house. Dear heart! there's three and sixpence gone smack. However, I can give you a glass of excellent brandy, can't I, Molly? real pure coniac. Molly says its the best we ever had."

"That it is," replied Molly; "the *last three* cags we tapped was nothing to compare to it."

"Ah! nephew," cried aunt Rachel, "my poor stomach, you know, never will do without a constant, certain, little thimble-full. Your poor father used to say I was a *walking* distillery; and, God help me! mine has been a *spirited* existence these twenty years."

"True," replied my friend; "I have often said your's was a *marine* constitution;

tion; for a high wind and boisterous bowels, with a good share of spirits, to elevate the former, and suppress the latter, have always kept your little bark afloat, and weathered you through many a tempest."

"That's what it has," replied Molly, "for all mistress is so squeamish and scrupulous about people thinking her a dram-drinker. I only wish they felt such *gustavusses* of wind as racks her poor inside, and then they'd know how to *valley* a *spiritual blessing*, as I may call it. Lord, help me! if you was to see how mistress suffers, even after she's taken a couple of glasses, her poor eyes are quite *trackted* together, like; and she sits and winks and pinks like an owl: and then, you see, when her stomach gets warmish and comforted, why then she drops asleep."

"That,"

"That," said I, composing my risible features into the gravest mould I could compress them, "that is, when the cordial takes its *effect.*"

"*Disactly* so," answered Molly; while my companion, convulsed with laughter, rushed up stairs to conceal his emotions; and I followed, leaving the administration of this essential restoration drop, to the judicious management of Molly, who, from the flurry her mistress's fainting had occasioned her, most probably followed the same example.

AUNT RACHEL'S TREAT.

A VARIETY of trifling subjects had engrossed the conversation entirely between aunt Rachel and her nephew; and she had sat *see-sawing* upon her chair, with a blinky gaze of stupidity, above half an hour, while I was conning over a newspaper, when the door opening, introduced Mrs. Molly with a *tainted Bob*-lobster in one hand, and a *mahogany*-coloured rabbit in the other, a brace of yellow withered cucumbers, and a little dried-up mouldy tart, that had been a cupboard inhabitant at least a *week*, constituted aunt Rachel's supper *treat*.

My

My friend gazed first on the rabbit, and then on me—"Molly," said he, "Where the devil did you get this old *copper-coloured squaw*—I'll swear it died in a ditch?"

"Laud, Sir," replied Molly, "how can you say such a thing; when to my certain knowledge, its one of Dame Snare-am's own tame breed?"

"I should sooner have supposed him a great-grandfather from Honduras, who had fed all his life upon the nibbling of mahogany, till it had changed his complexion."

"To be sure, he has boiled *darkisher* than I thought for," answered Molly; "but if he bean't *tuff*, he's none the *worserer* for his looks."

"Let's cut him up and taste," said aunt Rachel. "Come, come, nephew, let me persuade you to conquer your prepossession: A negro is as good a man as a Christian you know, for all he's not so sightly; and perhaps this poor thing come of a dark family, and that may be the reason."

"I dare swear he's left a pretty large race behind him," replied her nephew. "I fancy he was one of the *two* and *two* that paraded into the *ark*."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Molly, "how *nonsical* you are, Mr. Watty. "Now you'll spoil my poor mistress's supper, and make her fancy a hundred things."

"Bless me, Molly, something does smell, queer sure enough," interrupted aunt Rachel, applying the rabbit's tail to

to her nose, from whence hung a dark, brilliant, *suspensioner*.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" cried Molly, "bless me! you've forgot your handkerchief—ugh, its that nasty Scotch snuff, nothing else."

"I'm sure," said the good lady, smearing off the pendant upon her crumpled policat, "I'm sure, its no such thing."

"No! no! answered my friend, "you're right; its no Scotch effluvia, you have only snuffed the scent of poor little Bobby," pointing to the lobster.

"Why, you don't say so," cried Molly, advancing from the side-board to peep at it: "Why, I'm sure, I thought he looked pure fresh about the *eye-lashes*."

"Eye-lashes!" exclaimed my friend, bursting into a loud laugh; "where the d—l do you find them?"

"Why, this here fringe round the fins of his tail, 'tis just like a Christian's eye-lashes, I'm sure."

"One would certainly think your eyes had been lashed together, when you bought it," said aunt Rachel; "what, in the world shall I do? Mr. what-d'ye-call-um won't be able to pick a mouthful of supper."

"Oh, yes, Madam," replied I, pitying her vexation, "I am no epicure; and though I take the freedom to acknowledge the rabbit is not the whitest I have seen, I will, with your leave, pick a bone."

"That's very kind and civil, Sir," answered

answered aunt Rachel. "Now, nephew, do pare the cucumbers, and help our good friend."

"I do think," said he, "they are paired enough already. Why, my dear aunt, they were certainly raised in *Adam*'s hot-bed!"

"Yes, I bought them of poor Adams, the cobler," replied Molly.

"They look like leather cucumbers, indeed," answered he, "tough as the devil—bitter as soot;—I bet a guinea, fit for no earthly thing but a pig, a dunghill, or a buggy bedstead."

"My God," cried Molly, snatching them off the table, "some folks are never pleased; I wish my mistress would do her own marketings. For my part, I hope

I shall never go of any more errands, where people are never satisfied."

"Never mind, Molly," rejoined my friend; "the wisest may be deceived. Give us the cheese, my good girl; I can make an excellent supper, yet."

The title of *girl*, smoothed Molly's brow—the contraction of spite vanished—the three usual wrinkles disappeared—and a consequential smile brightened her features, as she placed the fragment of a small cheese upon the table before him.

I observed him instantly remove the candle, as though to shade the light; and turning it over, "It will not do, by G—d," said he, "for the rats have made free with one side, and the snails have set their mark on the other; so hand it off Molly; and, for the love of God, if you have

have got a scrap of butter, do indulge me with it."

Aunt Rachel now loudly expatiated on the utility of rat-traps; observing, her poor old Tom had lost both his sight and teeth; and, but for the humanity of his mistress's nature, Molly had hanged him long ago; she therefore finished, by ordering a quantity of boiling water to be poured into every hole where a snail or slug could possibly harbour, the next morning.

"I'm afraid this tart is mouldy," continued she, handing it off the table, untouched.

"Well it may," replied Molly; "for its been in that damp cupboard these *ten* days, I'm sure; I shall eat it for my supper; for if its put by any more, it will

crawl into the parlour of its own accord, for I've danced it twenty times up and down stairs already, night and day."

Aunt Rachel either could not, or would not, confute the evidence of her parsimony; and Molly, whipping up her tray, left us to the better amusement of the bottle, interrupting us only by bringing in a *broken* pitcher of warm-water, leaving the mixandum of her mistress's nightly potation to her own management and discretion.

As the town clock struck eleven, we took a friendly leave of the old lady, who by that time stammered an inarticulate farewell,—*scissar-sheath* she could not have said, had her life depended; though she endeavoured to say something, but it died away in a murmuring lisp, as Molly closed the street door.

"Aunt

"Aunt Rachel's completely *done up*;" said my friend. "Now," continued he, "if I have not furnished your pen with a sufficient subject to enlarge upon, it will be your own fault; and I dare swear you will never be invited to supper, but the chronology of your brain will trace the recollection of aunt Rachel's *treat*, viz. the *mahogany* rabbit—the lobster with *scented eye-lashes*—the *leathern* cucumbers—the *hoarded* tart—and the *snail-smeared mouse-bait*; if I have exaggerated the bill of fare, alter it, and condemn my epicurism. We will now adjourn to our inn, and over a bottle of port, I will turn biographer of the criticizing squad we met to-night."

VILLAGE BIOGRAPHY.

"I SHALL first give the outline of the self-consequential lady, who offered you her snuff-box," said he. "I dare avow, from her volubility and manner, you thought her the superior of the squad, and will scarce give me credit when I relate to you her usual penurious mode of life at home, where a mutton-chop, broiled on her *parlour* fire, often furnishes her dinner; and when the winter evenings draw in, the same little handful of fire serves both herself and shivering domestic, whom she compels to mend her stockings in a distant corner, by the light of a candle, *four-and-twenty* to the pound;

pound; nor would the poor slave be indulged with the privilege of so splendid a luminary, did not her mistress's high ideas of subordination induce her to preserve a proper distinction between a servile dependant, and an imperious independant. Such is the economy of Madam *Lynx-eye*, who at a country card-party, ranks herself on a level with the highest class, and at home, places herself with the lowest; never reflecting, that her conduct is as vulnerable to the shaft of village scandal, as her neighbour's."

Miss *Positive Snap-shorto*, the little primitive lady in the net mittens, is, you must know, the perfect Mrs. Candour of the group; her memory furnishes the complete village chronicle; she's the very witch of the parish, for she knows every body's concerns before they know them themselves; and what tattle she se-

lects in her morning rambles, she relates with embellishments of her own fertile compositions in the evening; her little serpent tongue rattles with the venom of spleen in every circle, and her opinion is incontrovertibly attached to every subject. If you happen to observe the animated beauty of some fascinating girl, she cocks her ear, shakes her head, and, with malignant grin, exclaims, 'Ah, my good Sir, but what a shocking set of teeth; why don't she keep them cleaner? That's a terrible defect; an unpardonable neglect; add to which, she has *no fortune*, poor thing; so, in fact, she is nobody; at least, we don't reckon her one of our class. Her father, you know, my dear Sir, was a butcher; as savage a fellow, I suppose, as ever knocked down a bullock; so what can you expect, poor thing? She is a good-tempered, likely girl, but when you have said that, you've

said

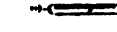
said all; and whether from principle of fashion, I won't pretend to determine; but certain it is, she has looked very *round* lately, and so we *all* thought last assembly.' Again, if you happen to descant on the stile and elegance of a passing equipage, she immediately observes, that, 'Though we sometimes find mushrooms in a gay parterre, we all know their origin sprung from a dunghill; so that, though even transplanted in a prolific soil and richer frame, they are still mushrooms, unimproved in nature, though embellished by art, and flourishing in the sunshine of prosperity.'

"The old lady you saw twirling her snuff-box, keeps her character always *behind her chair;* that is to say, in the possession of old John, the family butler; who has his mistress as completely under his thumb, as he has his cork-screw; and

is

self, it must be in a party of united species; for sooner would I engage with a granny-grey, as partner in a public allemande, than devote, or suffer myself to be seated at a whist-table, with envy, hatred, and malice, depicted on the countenances of my atiquated virgin partner and competitors. I shall now conclude my entrusion on your patience, by adding one more supplicatory entreaty to my evening vesper: "From a *female country card-party*, good Lord deliver me."

THE FURZE-CUTTER.



The brilliant beams of sun-rise gilded the verdant leaves of the lime-branch, that shaded my window, and the loud carol of the early lark, breaking my slumber, induced me to rise and pursue my journey, before the meridian heat, oppressing me with debility and lassitude, should oblige me to rest.

I had taken leave of my friend the night before, and when I descended to the inn-yard, I found, by the hostler, he had been set off about half an hour.

The Heavens never displayed a lovelier morning

morning; the diamond gossamer still webbed the verdant blade, and myriads of brilliants suspended from every leaf, as I strolled to the remarkable church-yard, situate on the summit of a cliff that overtops the town, and commands a beautiful extensive prospect.

Here I wandered over the lowly region of oblivion, marking the mementos of virtue, traced by the pencils of truth and piety. The tears of morning dropped from the cypress and the yew, sweet Nature's tribute o'er the peaceful shrines.

Musing on the solemn scene, the virtues, frailties, and vicissitudes of man, my attention was rouzed by two advancing objects; the one an old man of majestic mien, though in tattered guise, with a large bundle of furze pendant at his back; the other, a fine girl with a broken

broken pitcher; habited only in a blue woollen petticoat, a leather boddice, and a dowlas chemise, of dazzling whiteness, that was rivalled only by the snowy contrast of her bosom, where the dew-sparkling leaves of a wild rose shed its luxurious sweets.

As they drew nearer, the uncultured beauty of her form transfixed me. I I gazed with admiration; the symmetry of her polished falling shoulders—her well-shaped arm, scarce sun-tinged, though inured to labour, and innumerable glossy ringlets, waving with the morning breeze, in every direction, over a lively, animated countenance, rendered her a Venus in rustic guise.

The pitcher was filled with milk, and apparently heavy, for she was obliged to support it with both hands; and when she

she came to the stile, close by me, set it down to rest, while the old man disemburthened his shoulder; and taking his seat upon it, began wiping the dew of labour from his wrinkled brow, with the corner of a ragged blue handkerchief, that hung round his sun-burnt neck; his hair and beard were blanched by nature's frost, yet the lingering rose still shed its bloom in spite of morphewed furrows.

He looked earnestly at me, and took off his hat, in token of civility, while the charming girl dropped me a rustic courtesy.

Trudge, seeing the pitcher placed upon the turf, for the first time in his life forgot his manners; and being, as I presume, very droughty, was on the point of immerging his nose, had I not corrected him.

"Poor

"Poor fellow," said the good veteran, "he's dry; Ellen, lead him to the rivulet, yonder; he must not steal your breakfast."

Ellen obeyed; she patted Trudge's glossy coat, and delighted with her caresses, he made no ceremony of following her.

"Your daughter is very kind," said I, "to give herself so much trouble."

"Daughter!" replied he; "bless your honour, I'm her grandfather; why, I be seventy-six, please God, next Lammas as ever comes, and Ellen's only sixteen; poor heart, she's a fatherless and motherless child, but she's as good as bread; and ever since her grandmother died, she's been meat, drink, and clothes to me; and there's nothing grieves me, but the thoughts of

of leaving her unprotected in a wicked world."

Here a tear stole down his cheek, and trickled on to his blue handkerchief, just as Ellen and the dog returned.

"The poor little *soul* was very dry, indeed," said the sweet girl, shewing me a bewitching dimple as she smiled.

"Do you live far off?" asked I.

"Only a mile and a half," replied the old man; "I have a neat little bit of a hut in a green lane, where we live *through happy*, as I may say; and what with hay-making and furze-cutting, and tending a few sheep sometimes, we earn our living; for Ellen picks hops and goes gleaning in the summer, and gathers wood and mushrooms for the gentry, in the winter-

winter-time, and tends Madam's turkies at sixpence a day, at the great house, yonder; and there, too, we get as many *'tatoes*, and turnips, and cabbages, as we want, and skim milk for fetching; and that's a main help these hard times. Nobody more healthy, your honour, than we; and yet we *arn't* tasted a bit of meat *sen* the great folks at the manor killed a sheep last Christmas, and then we came in for the *head* and the *pluck*, and a rare treat we had. Lauk, your honour, if you had but seen and heard how our villagers ran on last winter about the soup, it would have made your heart as hard as a flint; for, you see, the gentry *suscribed* for we poor, and sold us soup at a penny a quart, and as good it was as any lord in the land need eat; but, however, they took it in their heads it was not wholesome, and there they'd laugh and jeer, and say it was made of *jack-*

ass's

ass's hoofs and *ears*. One said they'd got a piece of his *tail*, and others the *paw* of a *stewed cat*. Oh! it was a burning shame to be so ungrateful! and now, your honour, God's judgment has lighted on them ever since; for one half be starving, and who can pity them? But come, Ellen," continued he, "we must be jogging, my girl; we must go earn our dinner before we can eat it."

He arose; hoisted the furze on his back, and was making a humble bow of civility, when I slipped a piece of gold into his hand.

He gazed on it with astonishment; raised his eyes to Heaven; his lips quivered with an inarticulate sentence, and one big bright tear fell on the guinea.

"Sure," cried he, "my poor dim eyes

eyes deceive me; Oh, your honour, how can your generous heart tell I deserve such a gift? Take it back, its too much; I can't rightly tell my change, and if I was to carry it to the village, the people would make sure I did not come honestly by it; for who would believe me, if I was to say a strange gentleman, for no reason in the world, clapped it into my hand?"

"Tell them, then," replied I, "it was the unbiassed principles of thy virtuous heart, that excited the admiration of that stranger, and declared to his feeling mind that thou wert worthy of a richer boon than that his humble purse was equal to supply."

"God's blessing prosper your honour," answered he, "for ever and ever. Ellen and I will pray for you every night, for

for you have made me rich, indeed. Never did these hands grasp a guinea before; my poor old heart is in such a flustration of joy, your honour, I can't think of half the praises and blessings I ought to say; and yet, dang it, I have them all at my tongue's end. Can't you help me out, Ellen, you are a bit of a *scholard?* Do, child, say *summut.*"

"I can't make speeches, father," replied the blushing girl, hiding her eyes with the back of her hand; "but I can say the *Lord's Prayer*, if that will do."

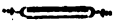
"Aye, down on your bended knees, and bless and pray for such an angel gentleman."

Ellen dropped at my feet; I flew to raise her. "Forbid it, Heaven!" cried I; "over-

I; "overpower me not, ye worthy hearts. —We part;—God preserve you!"

The guinea was then tied up in the corner of the blue handkerchief, and, being carefully guarded by a pin, was buttoned into his bosom; a bow, a courtesy, and an abundant blessing, thrilled every nerve as they retired from my view, looking back twenty times, till distance rendered them invisible. Oh, how I moralized—how I adored that being who invested me with the power of imparting and enjoying the supreme felicity arising from a benevolent action.

THE MODERN DEJEUNE'.



When I stopped to breakfast at the Rose, I had gained a formidable appetite. On applying to the waiter for a room, I was told it was impossible to obtain one; the house was full of nobility; neither could I be attended, unless I chose to breakfast with four other gentlemen, just arrived, and who were then in a front parlour. "Vastly well," said I, "its of little consequence; introduce me and my dog."

"Oh, he can have *sixpenny-worth* of bones and milk, if you like it; in the

kitchen; we've a great many dogs there," replied the upstart fellow, flirting his napkin into his pocket.

"I don't doubt it," replied I, sarcastically, "and *puppies* too."

The fellow gave me a ferocious look.

"You're mistaken," said he. "We have more snarling *old* dogs than young ones;" and off he brushed, desiring me to follow.

My spirits were in too placid and happy a tone to be ruffled by his insolence, and I, therefore, to avoid altercation, made no reply.

He ushered me into a room strewed with pantaloons, jaseys, boots, spurs, whips, slippers,

slippers, and all the paraphernalia of morning embellishments, seemingly belonging to four young bucks.

I apologized for my intrusion; they civilly entreated me to take a seat; assuring me breakfast was ordered, of which I was extremely welcome to partake.

During its arrival, I amused myself with observing the habiliments of one of the party, a remarkably swarthy, plain man, deeply pock-fretten, with weak eyes, and a terribly decayed set of teeth; but had you seen the pains he took at the mirror to embellish his person, you would have added ridicule to disgust.

His glossy brown jasey was first twigged into sportive curls over his forehead; next to that piece of puppyism succeeded

a grosser, for, over an enormous padded black silk neck-handkerchief, he drew up a collar of fine blue check, the corners of which lay like triangular plasters over each cheek; a pair of pink-striped pantaloons, fastened with large bunches of blue ribbon, dangled at his ancles, which, with a blue coat, reaching to his knuckles, might literally be said to handcuff him; and a small quizzing-glass, fastened by a loop of scarlet ribbon, pendant from his neck, completed this son of folly.

Their conversation suffered evident restraint from my intrusion; yet, from the slang sentences I collected in half words, I found they were bound for a Margate frolic.

By this time, the breakfast was brought in; but it consisted not of the frugal antediluvian

tediluvian meal of bohea and buttered rolls, for the table exhibited all the profusion of a lord mayor's dinner.

A cold chicken, ham, tongue, prawns, eggs, anchovy Sandwiches, potted lobster, a plate of peaches, another of grapes, with a bottle of sherry, spruce, tea, coffee, deviled biscuit, rolls, and toast.

I was offered of every article, though I partook of none but coffee and toast.

"What, Sir!" exclaimed the buck, "do you refuse a relish of any sort?—Do you never take eggs? Have an anchovy, then, and pledge me in a glass of sherry. D—n your milk-sop, its like breakfasting with a *washer-woman*, to have nothing but *tat-lap*. When I'm at home, I make my fellow invent all sorts of nick-nacks,

don't I, Jack? The rascals now have not brought the jelly I ordered."

I observed, that such food would never agree with my stomach, being contrary to my usual system.

"Oh, dam'me, who cares about system," continued he; "when I travel, I love to dash in every thing—I'm the sort for keeping it up; by gad, I don't suppose there's such another set out in the whole house, though there's my Lord Duke's family up stairs, and the devil knows who; the waiter stared like bewitched, when I handed him my list of requisites. Rot ye," says I, "do you think I came here to sluice my stomach with slop? No! no! my good fellow, keep your mess for some of your rich old city travellers; people in our line must have

have something a little more like themselves. So, you see, bothering the fellow out of his senses had its effect; and behold, now, we have obtained a decent breakfast."

A peal of laughter and applause succeeded; the viands were soon demolished, and the tea and coffee completed the gormandizing repast, of which, poor Trudge enjoyed the scraps most heartily.

A beggar at this moment, resting on his crutch, bowed his palsied head before the window.

"Pshaw! curse the pestering wretch, give him a devil;" said the buck. "Do you love Spruce, old one?" bawled he, snatching up the bottle, and plate of biscuits. "Come," continued he, "it will make the cockles of your old heart caper."

The mendicant modestly refused. "Oh, well, well," said the buck, "if that don't suit your palate, you must brush elsewhere, for we've nothing more to give."

"Pooh," said another, "let's give him something; he looks as if he was starved."

The man of fashion relented—he put his hand in his pocket—drew out a handful of money—walked to the window—and into the woollen cap of the beggar, nobly exalted his spirit, by dropping—*a penny*.

The child of misery humbly bent in grateful blessing to the lad of metal, who, with a heart of *iron*, a bosom of *steel*, and a face of *brass*, extended a *hand* of *copper*; for such were the metallic veins traced

traced on the chaotic mine of his dark and nervous soul.

I gazed on the *penny coxcomb* with mingled pity and disdain, as I dropped the beggar a shilling.

"Ho! ho!" cried he, "you encourage them sort of vagabonds, do ye?—Now, I never throw them a copper, but to get rid of their clamour."

"I'm a little of a Lavaterian," answered I; "I have contemplated faces that have as readily seduced a guinea from my pocket, as a halfpenny; but it was neither the whining canter, nor audacious clamour, that impelled the act."

"Lord, how this world's imposed upon," said he, ringing for the bill, to silence my morality.

The waiter entered with obsequious cringe.

"Bring the bill—let's know what's the damage, and order my servants to draw up the tandems. Where's the dogs, too, my tight-one; have you taken care of them?"

The waiter replying, he had, now produced the bill. It amounted to one pound five, including a *shilling* for dog's meat and milk; which last article was thrice repeated, and as often execrated by the buck.

"By gad," cried he, "its the first time I ever heard of such an exorbitant charge: a shilling, indeed, for two dogs breakfasts!"

"They are *dogs* of *fashion*, Sir;" returned

turned the quaint puppy of a waiter with a witty grin; "and the whole charges amount but to one pound five."

"What the devil, do you class us *all* together?" replied another.

"No, Sir! no, Sir! no offence, I hope, I meant no such idea; but really your dogs have not been eating common food, they have had of the *best*, and therefore they must pay accordingly; the usual sort of dog's-meat did not suit their appetite, so I supplied them accordingly."

The group looked abashed—the money was dashed on the table—the change returned—and the waiter chucked a shilling.—He gazed at it with disdain.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you'll please to drop the waiter a trifle more."

"More!"

"More!" replied the buck. "Rot it, if a shilling is enough for the breakfast of *two dogs*, sure it may suffice *one*."

The waiter and his civility vanished together, leaving the despised shilling on the fragment-strewn table.

In a few moments a brace of tandems drew up to the door, into which leaped my companions, with fashionable consequence, leaving the incensed waiter relating their parsimony, and execrating them under the title of "*three-penny fops*, or *four* for a *shilling*;" declaring, they were only a lot of the would-be-great sort; for they had not so much as a single follower to keep their backs warm. "If they were what they pretend," added he, "they'd have sported a brace of grooms, to save each shoulder-bone from scorching; but, by jingo, its my belief, if they

they were scorched to cinders, it would not melt the *gold* in their pockets, whatever it might the *pence.*"

"Come along, Trudge;" said I, "though thou art not a dog of quality, thou hast made a good breakfast; and, as it did not cost sixpence, that mite shall provide some Christian a dinner."

Trudge did not understand my address, but he fawned affectionately round, and we once more set off to pursue our journey; he jogging on, in gentle trot, I pacing behind him, ruminating on the past scene, and glowing with the anticipation of bestowing my sixpence in a more commendable manner.

THE SPLIT-PEA SANDWICH.

I HAD broke my shoe-string, at the entrance of a remote village, and stepped into a small chandlery-shop to procure a new pair, when the entrance of a noble charming boy, afforded me a moment's diversion, while the old dame was measuring and clipping off the ribbon.

"I wants some gingerbread, please."

"Bless your little heart, I ha'n't a scrap left; my Polly's gone over to Canterbury, alang-'o-Jan, to get a lot of fresh; so you *mun* stop till the *arternoon*, my love."

"Then

"Then I'll have some lozenges," continued he, resting his elbows on the counter, with his eyes fixed on the well-known sweetmeat drawer.

"We ha'n't none, my dear."

"Then give us some barley-sugar, or sugar-candy, or Spanish liquorice, I don't care which."

"Bless you, *Willum*, I ha'n't, indeed, got no sorts of sweets;" she cried, taking down the box, "there, now will you be satisfied? You may have some apples and plumbs, if you likes."

"Can get they at home," answered Willy. His rosy cheek tinged deeper with vexatious disappointment, while his eyes wandered round the little magazine, and the halfpenny twirled in his fingers.

"I will

"I will have something," continued he, groping about; at last, he recollected treacle—aye, that was the thing, or plumbs, he did not care which.

The old woman shook her head—neither were attainable. "You're out of luck, *Willum*, to-day. I ha'n't a thing in the world fit for ye, but fruit, as I said before."

The tear of disappointment glistened in his eye—something he would have. At length, after routing over a number of articles, "Odd, dang it," cried he, "give us a *ha'p'worth of split-peas*, and I'll make a dumplin, and have him boiled for my lunch."

I smiled—the old woman burst out a laughing. "Help theeself," said she; "never was the like. What a comical rogue 'tis."

The

The little customer helped himself—threw down his halfpenny—and run, whistling, over to the gate of a spacious avenue, that led to the manor house.

"Who's that fine fellow?" said I.

"He's our 'Squire's son," replied she. "Now I bets a *fardin* you wouldn't believe his father has got two large mills, and bushels upon bushels of peas in his granary; but the rogue had got a whim in his head, you see."

"And a troublesome halfpenny in his hand, replied I," "whose expenditure perplexed him more than it was worth; and by the time the gingerbread arrives, he'll repent his purchase."

"He's a noble-spirited arch rogue as ever lived," cried she. And having now crumpled

crumpled up my shoe-strings in a scrap of paper, I defrayed the damage, and decamped, ruminating on the relish little William was anticipating in his split-pea Sandwich.

THE HOP-PICKER.

I HAD found little to interest my curiosity, till I stopped to dinner, at a village inn by the road side, within sight of a hop-ground.

Here being told I could be supplied with some good eggs and bacon, I ordered the repast to be prepared, while I sauntered away the vacant time in the hop-ground.

There were only four women gathering, whose demeanor being no way interesting, excited little attention; but as my wandering eye moved forward through the

the mazy poles, twined with the golden clustering hops, I perceived a fine young girl about fifteen, industriously picking, with uncommon expedition, and between each handful she threw into the basket, she drew her apron across her eyes, to wipe away the copious tears that trickled down her rosy sun-burnt cheek.

"Why do you weep, little maid?" said I, taking her hand. "What sorrows cause this flood of grief?"

"Nothing, your honour;" she replied, casting her heavy eye-lids on the ground, while another torrent trickled into the basket.

"You must tell me;" said I, "and when I have learnt the truth, you shall not repent your confidence. Your tears are not the first I have wiped away; and your

your sad heart is not the first I have cheered; so tell me all, my good girl, and fear, nor shun me."

She raised her eyes—her lip quivered —her bosom swelled; and sobbing with convulsive agitation, she replied——

"Dear, your honour, how can you comfort my poor mother, when you're a stranger to her? Ah! my dear sister, she's worse and worse—we shall all break our hearts, and there's nobody to work now, but me. Oh! I must make haste; I can earn a little at hop-picking, now; and the harder I work, the better master will pay me."

Again she wiped her tears—and again her nimble fingers plucked the luxuriant clusters.

My

My heart thrilled—the girl's sentences were unintelligible. I concluded she had a distressed mother, and an invalid sister, whom the labour of her hands, in the present moment, was destined to support in wretched penury.

I recollected the sixpence.—Ah! it would not do. But that, accompanied by a little regiment of twenty more, converted into the formidable shape of a brilliant substance, might subdue the attacks of despair, and repel the keen arrows of poverty.

"Where is your cottage?" asked I.

"Close by yonder clump of trees, on that little heath, your honour. But where we shall find a shelter soon, God knows, when our landlord comes; for the steward says, out we must turn, if we

we can't pay, and then what will become of poor sister."

"What ails her, then?" enquired I, "is she ill?"

"Oh! no! no! your honour, she's crazed in the wits, Doctor says; and she wanders about and talks so wild, the folks are all afraid of her, but mother and I; and then she never sleeps, and 'most starves herself. Oh, dear! how happy we used to be, when mother could spin, and Jessy used to go to work."

"And what brought her to this dreadful state?" said I.

"Why, your honour, Henry died at sea, and poor Jessy has been bad ever since; and that's six months ago."

"Well," replied I, "if an hour hence you'll conduct me to the cottage, I'll endeavour to comfort your poor mother, in some measure; though I much fear the unfortunate Jessy is beyond the power of my relief."

"What a good angel you are, Sir;" sobbed the poor girl, courtesying repeatedly, "your honour will find me here, when you please; but our cottage is so poor, it is not fit for such a gentleman as you."

"Tell me your name," answered I, "and within the hour I'll be with you."

"Phœbe," replied she. "Mother's name is Alice Morland."

Again she courtesied; and renewing her employment, I left her, to swallow a hasty dinner; in doing which, I questioned

ed my landlord relative to Jessy's derangement.

He told me her lover, who was as bright a lad, and as good a heart as ever the sun shone on, died at sea; it was his third voyage; and, at his return, having scraped up a little money, they were to marry, and help to support the poor old mother.

"Jessy," continued he, "was as blithe as a lark, and as fresh as a May morning; she was as industrious as a bee, and every body loved her, she was so good, so fond, and dutiful to her parent, and her poor heart was as happy as an angel's; but when the sad news came to be told her, she swooned away as dead as a *door-nail*, and never came to, like, and has looked as wild, and talked as queer, as an outlandish being; but she's very harmless—would not hurt a worm; and all her de-

light is to make little paper-boats, and set them a swimming in the rivulet; and stick straws, and hops, and flowers in her hair, and decks herself out. Poor girl! she makes my heart ache, and yet I can scarcely forbear smiling at her appearance sometimes."

"Dear unhappy maniac," cried I, "I'll seek thee out; and if a stranger's voice can speak consolation to thy wounded spirit, or his hand afford thee relief or assistance, thou shalt have the lowly boon." So defraying the expence of my frugal, yet excellent repast, I hastened to fulfil my appointment with the expectant Phœbe.

CRAZY JESSY.

I FOUND her as my host described, seated by the side of a crystalline stream, that murmured over a pebbly bed, fringed with wild blossoms. She wore a black gown; her fine auburn hair hung in loose disorder round her shoulders, twisted with straws and blossoms; on her white bosom hung a Louis d'or, pierced and tied with a black ribbon—the treasured relic of her Henry. She was busy stringing a row of wild berries, with which she had adorned one wrist; and in the rivulet floated various emblems of her wayward fancy. Chaplets of flowers—

wreaths of straw—little paper vessels, and anchors innumerable.

As I approached, she raised her head, and gazed earnestly on me; her eyes, though sunk and hollow, darted a frantic brilliance; but the flush was only the momentary effect of surprize; and the usual gloom of melancholy resumed its livid mask across her pallid cheek; yet, amid the ravages of derangement, a certain tinge remained, to tell you the fragile countenance had not long since been fascinating.

Phœbe, introducing me to her mother as the good stranger who wanted to talk about Jessy, soon returned to her employment, and as her nimble feet bounded across the heath, left me, tête-a-tête, with the poor heart-broken Alice.

She

She was a venerable looking woman, about three-score, and though habited in the slender garments of poverty, their cleanliness and decency deserved commendation; a few shining locks of grey hair peeped from the covert of her crimped mob, fastened with a black ribbon; her check handkerchief, of large dimensions, shaded the dowlas sleeves, that were attached to a leathern boddice, and an apron of cleanly yarn was tied over a brown camblet petticoat. She was employed at her spinning, but she arose the moment Phœbe's agitated whisper announced my visit.

She had clasped her poor, brown, speckled hands together in an attitude of despair, as I gazed on her child.

"What a sight, your honour!—isn't it?" and the tears rolled down her cheek.

"Mayhap," she resumed, "Phœbe has told you all the sad story?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "Dame Morland, "I have heard the woes of Jessy, with a bleeding heart. Is it, oh, God! is it in my power to render you any service? Have you applied to the relief of medicine for her?"

"Yes, dear heart, she takes a little which the good doctor of our village gives her; and he does say she'll recover, by and by, but I can't believe it, your honour; though to be sure she is, I think, rather better sometimes; and so I can do nothing but pray to God, night and day, to comfort her, and restore her senses. Oh, 'twas a melancholy thing! if your honour had known Henry Seymour, you would not have wondered to see a hundred girls crazy for his loss; for we

we shall never see his like again in this world."

"And has no feeling heart endeavoured to comfort your unhappy situation?" said I.

"Yes, your honour; the folks at Canterbury offered to take Jessy into the workhouse, as she was so harmless; but I should have died to part with her, so I downed of my bended knees and thanked the good gentlemen; 'but, your Worships,' says I, 'I could starve by inches, rather than give up my poor child;' so then they was very angry, and went away in a great huff, and I have never seen them since; but, lack-a-daisy, they wasn't *mothers*, your honour, and so they could not feel like me."

Heavens! what a pang! Not feel like

her, because they were *men!* She had darted into my heart one of sensibility's keenest arrows; but she shall not class me with monsters—men who possess nothing but their shape and name, to constitute the character.

"But there are men who *have* souls," said I, mechanically.

Dame Alice shook her head.—"Pray God, women's hearts were as hard as men's—no offence to your honour; and then they would not suffer like poor Jessy."

"And how do you support yourself?" asked I.

"Why I spin now, your honour, because I can't leave Jessy to work out of doors, and so I earn but little to what I did;

did; but poor Phœbe works hard from morning to night, at any thing she can get to do; and so long as we can scrape ten shillings every quarter, to pay our rent, we don't mind pinching in other things; but now we're sadly off, and dread our landlord's visit, because we have but half the money, and it will break my heart too to sell any of my things; for though we han't many, we have lived comfortable once upon a time, when my poor master was alive to work for us."

During this conversation, Jessy had appeared, totally unconcerned; she had twice muttered a few low incoherent words, and twice whispered the name of Henry. As I drew near her, I offered her my hand—she extended hers; it was cold. I pressed it to my beating heart—she snatched it hastily back.

"No! no!" cried she; "'tis Henry's, not yours," and running to the stream, she bathed her hand—rubbed it—looked at it as if my touch had contaminated it; and then, wiping it with her handkerchief, kissed it, and wrapped it in the folds of her gown, to screen it from my touch, as she slid for protection behind her mother.

"God help thee, sweet Jessy," cried I; "fear not that heart that glows with noble pity for thy affliction, and would exert its weakest fibre to restore thy scattered senses."

"Jessy appears afraid of me," cried I, "I will therefore take my leave; and, if I have power to procure you any relief from the gentlemen you mention at Canterbury, your necessities shall not be forgot; in the mean time, make me happy by accepting

accepting this guinea, that you may meet your landlord with the glorious smile of happy honesty, and procure a few comforts, till I can cheer your sad hearts with an ampler gift; as I doubt not but I shall influence some generous bosoms in the favour of crazy Jessy, and the worthy widow Morland."

"Blessings! blessings! shower on your noble-hearted honour," exclaimed the good Alice, breathless with joy and surprise at the sight of the little pledge of my future remembrance.

She clasped the dear insensate girl to her heart, and burst into a flood of tears.

Jessy, as though susceptible of fear, from the appearance of her mother's apparent grief, uttered a faint scream, and hid her face in her gown.

"No

"No thanks," said I, "I have been distressed enough already—hope every thing from my efforts; and if I succeed, I will see you again within a fortnight, when, by the blessing of Heaven, I hope to find your Jessy more composed, and in a fair way of recovery; I have now only to add the request, that the strictest attention may be paid to the doctor's advice and directions."

Dame Alice gave me her faithful promise—repeated an effusion of thanks and blessings, and turned with Jessy into her cottage, with eyes suffused in the tears of virtuous gratitude.

THE COMIC TRAVELLER.

I HAD sauntered on four miles, thinking on the interesting Jessy, when a sprinkling shower obliged me to pop on my oil-skin, for I had a steep hill to ascend, about the middle of which I descried a long coach, and the outside passengers, to relieve the horses, were alike fagging the acclivity. Most of them were at some distance, but one had loitered to examine a nut hedge, and as I passed him, the attraction of my *mock-turtle skin*, as Susan termed it, made him smile.

He seemed a pleasant facetious chap, and

and as my spirits had been much deranged, and the sky lowered heavily, I did not reject his entreaty of becoming a fellow traveller.

When the coach stopped on the brow of the hill, the coachman very civilly observed he was not full, and if myself and the outside passengers pleased, we were welcome to ride within, as the rain threatened heavily; so, *sans ceremonie*, in we crept to the tune of nine.

I soon found my new companion was the life of the vehicle.

Two old farmers, snoring in unison, sat at the upper end; and next to them was squeezed a pair of lovers, in the character of a hoyden miss, and a smirking widower, who forgot the distinction due to his hat-band, at the moment he declared

clared his heart had not been released of its fetters above six weeks. By their side fidgetted a famous man, of *poesy notoriety*, whose incessant egotisms rendered his company truly irksome; nor did he want another iota of self-consequence, than a peep at the pope's toe could have afforded him.

A little old maid, seated next to him, with cheeks crimsoned by his ribaldry, sat crumping peppermint drops and biscuits from the corner of her long pocket. Opposite to her, lolled a complete puppy, whose insignificant stature and squallid features impressed me more with the idea of the monkey than the man.

His effeminate, sallow paw—his scented cambric handkerchief—his gilt hunting-watch, were all displayed in scornful silence, till at length, screwing up his features, he shammed sleep.

"How

"How much more agreeable some travellers are than others," said the little old maid, quizzing the young fop. "A chatty, intelligent, sensible companion," continued she, "beguiles the most dreary waste; and, thank my stars, never but *once* did I ever meet with a mum-chance fellow-traveller; and he was a complete dummy, for either his pride or his ignorance kept him silent and gloomy as the grave."

"It was most probably, both," returned I. "Now, when I meet with so despicable a character, I always treat it with the contempt it deserves."

Still the sulky auditor's eyes remained shut; though by his fidgetting attitude I was well convinced he was not under the influence of sleep, as he pretended.

My facetious companion had seated himself

himself at the door, and neither object or animal escaped his notice.

Passing a barn-door, his excellent imitations of crowing so ruffled the feathers of a game cock, that his scarlet comb trembled with anger, as he strained his golden-plumaged throat to answer his supposed challenge; and a bull-dog actually followed the coach a mile and a half, barking, in angry unison, with this mirth-exciting mimic.

"I hope I am not troublesome," said he, "but I love to be alive, and my volatile spirits are in high tone this evening. Now, yonder comes a steady old market buck; I'll quiz him, I'll warrant ye."

THE SPRING-WATER CONSCIENCE.

A LITTLE cart followed us, on gentle jog-trot, as we ascended the hill; and moving slowly on, he thus addressed the truly venerable son of labour, who was conveying two young lambs to Canterbury market.

Lolling with the gravest countenance he could assume, out of the window, he thus harangued him:

"Why, Honesty, you riggle on at a good pace;—what do you call yourself —a shepherd—hey?"

"No,"

"No," said the man; "I'se a *bit* of a farmer, and I'se *gwain* to Canterbury *mearket*, to sell thick here lambs, if I can."

"Lord love you," replied the other, "you'd better by half carry them to London, and shew them and yourself at sixpence a piece in the Royal Exchange; London's the only place for sights; only give it out, a *beautiful shepherd*, and two beautiful lambs are to be seen, and, my life for't, you'd soon make a fortune."

"I never *sawed Lunnun*," said the old man, "and *most-haps* I never shall."

"What d'ye ask, now, for your whole equipage—lambs, horse, cart, and co.?

"Why, I don't know *disactly*," answered he, scratching his head. "I must get as much as I can for the lambs; but

but as to the horse, I would not sell he for no price, no more than I would *myself*."

"And how much d'ye think you'd fetch?"

"Why, at least as much as two rogues," replied he, "for I've got an honest heart, d'ye see, and a conscience as clear as *spring-water*, and that's worth *summut*, now-a-days."

"Then you are three valuable, comely, innocent lambs together; so God bless you—good luck to you—God prosper your *spring-water conscience*, and grant it may never be clouded by a *muddy settlement* at the *bottom*, when it comes to be *stirred up*."

The horses had by this time gained the summit, and we lost sight of the sheep-cart in a few moments.

THE

THE CORN-CUTTER.

WITHIN two miles of Canterbury, we had stopped to deliver some heavy luggage, when a mower, resting on his scythe, with a little cag pendant over his shoulder, attracted, again, the observation of our merry companion.

"Now," said he, "I'll make the fellow believe he has instructed a worse ignoramus than himself, and mark how he'll exult."

"Pray, honest friend," continued he, addressing the mower, and pointing to the

the scythe, "what sort of an *out-of-the-way thing* do you call that?"

The poor fellow grinned. "Why, *measter*, 'tis what we cut corn with," replied he.

"Cut people's *corns* with such a devilish large blade as that! Egad, if I had half a dozen upon every *toe*, you should never have the sheering of them with that thing, I promise you; so don't gammon me, because I'm a cockney. How many have you ever cut? Now, tell me honestly."

The mower burst into a horse laugh; "Ad rot it," said he, "I've cut *bushels* off many a *foot*."

"Bushels!" repeated the wag; "why, all

all the *feet* in England would not furnish a bushel of *corns*. No, no, that's a Kentish hum, I'll swear. And what's that hangs at your back, in that little butter-tub-looking thing?—What's that for—hey? Some sort of stuff to bathe the people's feet with, after the operation, I suppose?"

"Bathing of feet!" reiterated the mower, who, from the gravity of the enquirer, led him almost to believe him as ignorant, as he pretended. "Why, now, Master Cockney, be you such a *stupe* as not to know that we country-folks uses this here scythe to mow grass, and oats, and *bairley*; and that when we goes *a-field*, we carries this little thing, called a cag, to hold our beer? So where was your fine *Lunnun* wits, man, to think I cut people's *foot-corns?* Lord, I be no Doctor, not I; nor I don't look like one, neither, I'm sure."

During this explanation, our companion had sat in an aghast posture, with his eyes outstretched, and his mouth wide open, listening in apparent astonishment.

"Lord," said he, "what a wonderful world we live in. Well, to be sure, its lucky for me I met with you, friend, or perhaps I might never have seen such a sight; but now you have so kindly told me the use of it, I'll take care nobody shall think me such a fool again, as you have done."

"You're heartily welcome," replied the mower; "but its the first time I ever was axed such a *questin* by such a gentleman-looking person; but I suppose you be a kind of a quality *Lunnun* body, and so long as you could get bread and beer to eat and drink, you never troubled your

your head where it *growed,* nor how it was made, so long as you could find money to pay for it; and even that's more than many of you think about at all."

"Very true, Honesty; that's a tight touch," replied he; "and I shall never swallow my daily bread without reflecting on the moral of your intelligence."

The coach drove on, and the poor *quizzed* mower remained gazing after us, elated with the idea of having outwitted a Londoner.

THE OIL-SHOP.

WHEN we stopped at the Fountain inn, Canterbury, I bid adieu to my companions; and having an acquaintance who resided near the cathedral, I ordered my bed to be prepared, and set off with Trudge to partake supper with my friend.

We had chatted over a hundred little occurrences, when the midnight chime of the cathedral warned me to depart.

The streets were empty of passengers; the hollow voice of a bull-dog, alone disturbed the solemn silence of midnight; the air was serene; the moon shone in unclouded

unclouded majesty, and the lamps contrasted their feeble light in clear refulgence.

I was pacing the High-street very deliberately, enjoying the calm serenity, as my shadow danced before me, when a loud knocking at the door of a genteel private house, and a female voice loudly vociferating from an upper window, drew my attention, with a—"Who's there?—What d'ye want?"

"I wants *oyle*, Ma'am," replied the enquirer.

Oil!" replied the female; "this is not an oil-shop, it's No. 1, over the way. I wish you'd be more careful in your direction than to disturb a family at this time of night;" and so saying, she closed the window.

The man endeavoured to remonstrate, but his argument was unheard; and again he gave a double rap.

"Why, what in the world do you want?" resumed the same voice, again throwing up the sash.

"Why, Ma'am, I *wants oyle*, and I must have it; the gentleman told me to come here for it, and I'm sure I'm right."

"But I'm sure you're wrong," answered the lady, "and I expect you trouble me no more. What can you possibly want with oil at this time of night? You'll never get it, for the people have been in bed these two hours."

"It's no use my going back without it," resumed the man, "for the game can't be finished."

"Game!"

"Game!" cried the lady; "What game d'ye mean?"

"Why, Ma'am, the gentlemen be playing *wisk* at the Hit-or-miss, and they wants the *oyle-book* to settle some squabble about the game."

"Oh, oh!" replied the lady, "now I understand you, man; you want 'Hoyle's Rules.' If you had spoke properly at first, I should have known what you meant; but, however, go back directly, and tell the gentleman who sent you, that the book is locked up, and the family all gone to bed; and that I desire he'll come home immediately, for it's past twelve o'clock; and I shall send no Hoyle to-night, he may depend upon it."

In popped the head—down flapped the window—and away marched the disturber, muttering and grumbling, to

the expectant competitor, to deliver his message instead of the book, and thereby announce his fruitless embassy, added to the troublesome mistake his illiteracy of pronunciation had occasioned; though he is neither the first or the last, who, from the idle habits of inattention, have foiled themselves, and become a laughing stock. Witness the landlady at the inn, who was gaping on my return, and very jocosely declared, she had eaten such a lot of *srimps*, and drank so much *srub* and water, that her stomach was quite *stagnated*, and her head all in a *miz-maz*; whereas, *ef so be*, she had only had a bit of *am* and a glass of *hale*, her *ed* and *art* would both have been comfortable.

Poor unlettered woman! how I pitied her ignorance. Unversed in the theorical rules of education, she had attended only to the practical illiteracy, so predominant in

in her station. But good Heavens! how the sensitive mind shudders, when a being, invested by Heaven with natural abilities, abases, by the grossest neglect, the inestimable gift of education; that, harmonizing the obdurate and darkened mind, alone corrects its vices, and animates its dormant virtues. The tyrant may rob you of your peace—the daring robber may purloin your wealth—but what fiend or savage can divest you of a well-cultivated and enlightened mind? Nothing, my fair readers—nothing can sully the redundance of that jewel, but the oppressive *mist* of *reason*. Oh! Heaven, avert that fatal veil from enveloping the comforts of existence, and shading, with the deepest gloom, every prospect of hope and happiness!

Did your soul never shrink with a certain acute pang, when you have heard a

person of genteel appearance, and who, from the rudiments of education bestowed on them, ought to have made a competent proficiency? Did you, I repeat, never shrink to hear them misapply sentences with the most illiterate jargon, such as, *Ow d'ye do?—I'm a coming—Ow ot I ham a* running up *that there ill,* where I plucked *these here* flowers. And then again, if gazing open-mouthed at a fine picture, are so truly inconsistent with the instructive mythology, as neither to know the form or name of a satyr or dryad.

"La! what's a satyr? What a queer *thing,* with hoofs and horns! La! what a big shell that *man's* riding in, with the *three-pronged fork* in his hand.—Oh, la! who's that old woman, with her hair all over snakes?" Yet I have been asked these very questions by persons whom I believed far my superiors in knowledge.

Gracious

Gracious God! their parents had better have starved them to death in a library, and coffinized them in folios, than have lived to blush for their ignorance. Over-indulgence is the parent of moral destruction, and too often entails everlasting misery on its devoted victim. Master Jacky not liking to learn Latin, his *indulgent* papa strictly prohibited the enforcement of the odious task; and Jacky, when arrived at manhood, was thereby neither capacitated to become either merchant, mechanic, or proper companion; for not comprehending the origin of various English words, whose derivation were indebted to that instructive language, Jacky was either compelled to bear the sarcasm of ridicule, or remain an ignorant dummy, to prevent so cruel an exposure.

Miss Windlepipe, too, never could con-

quer the ten commandments, because mama thought it would make her darling fret, and spoil her pretty face; from which she afterwards took care to steal the roses of health, by substituting groups of scorbutic blotches, because the dear girl liked to sit up to supper off high seasoned viands, and a bumper of wine to derange her little chaotic brain, the sterility of which, was totally uncultivatable. But though Miss Windlepipe, at the age of fifteen, was declared by her governess with the deepest concern, to be the most ignorant child in the whole school, and was, in consequence, ever disgraced, by retaining the *omega rank* in every class, her mama would exultingly exclaim, "Well, well; never mind it, she can't help it, poor thing; neither her *pa* nor I, were ever bright at learning; but as to singing and dancing, few girls can excel her. She'll, most probably, never travel abroad,

abroad, neither; so French and geography would be of no use to her; and as we can give her a fine fortune, we shall be sure she'll never *want* a *husband.* In regard to work, music, and drawing, as she'll never have to get her own living, why it was useless to plague and fatigue her fine spirits; for, lauk-a-daisy, you know, the men, now-a-days, don't care about accomplishments; a *pretty face,* and a *good fortune,* will always bear away the prize from your learned ladies, as you call them, who, poor souls, with all their fine talents, are often doomed to scribble in an empty garret for a guinea, that my girl will always have at her command, to fling out of her own coach window at such a poor object. And pray, now, which is the most enviable woman?"

Heaven forbid the comparison:—my heart swells with reproof. But as I know it

it will avail nought, e'en let them bustle through life as their poor misguided parents have done before them; and who knows, however deficient in abilities, Jacky may one day shine in a *golden chain*, and cut as good a *figure*, and become as great an *object*, clothed in purple and scarlet, as ever rose to honour and preferment through the interest of the blind deity, and her hood-winked votaries.

THE TURNPIKE LETTER.

I HAD left Canterbury early after sunrise, and had reached the next turnpike, where I stood lolling over the gate, when a young buck, in a dashy whisky, drove furiously up.

"Paid, paid!" said he. "Letter R;—open the gate."

"That won't do, Sir," replied the man, shaking his head.

"The devil it won't!" answered the buck, "when I'll swear the fellow at the last gate shew it me on the ticket, which I, like

I, like a fool, refused taking; and now, behold, you want to make a prey of me. Come, none of your tricks upon travellers, my boy; I'm an old stager; I've declared the letter; and if you don't open the gate, by Gad, I'll drive over you."

"If you saw the ticket," returned the man, "you either don't know your letters, or you could not see clear; for I'll take my oath I have not an R in the house."

"What, d'ye think I don't know great *R* from a loggerhead?" replied the buck, shaking his whip in threatening flourish. "Pray what do you call the first letter of the alphabet?"

"Why A, to be sure," answered the man.

"Well,

"Well, then, A, or R, its all one, you booby."

"Its not all one," repeated the man; "they are two as different things as light and darkness. However, as I've brought you to a proper understanding, you may pass; but recollect, when you stop at the next gate, that you may find some further difficulty in persuading a man that R is A.

"Pooh!" cried the buck, "I'm a west-countryman, and that *accounts for it.*"

"I thought so," said the man; "for they are a desperate set to talk a jargon which the d—l himself could never understand."

Away dashed the buck, and was out of sight in a moment.

"I've

"I've a good mind," said the turnpike man, laughing heartily, "to chalk upon the gate, 'Letter A.—Nota bene, this is not letter R;' and then I should have no farther trouble with west-country mistakes. Upon my soul, its truly laughable, sometimes, to hear how they clip and coin. I was once completely taken in by a traveller like yourself, who very gravely enquired "if there were any *corpse* in our ponds, a little below?"

"God forbid," said I, "I have heard of no accident. What, is any body drowned?"

"Drowned?" repeated he, aghast; "I do mean *vish*."

"Vish!" said I, "What's vish?"

"Why, *corpse*," replied he.

I paused

I paused a moment—"I'll be hanged," says I, "if you don't mean *carp*?"

"Yes, sure," cried he; "we do *vish vor um* in our ponds, they *do be zo* plenty as *vlies* about *we*; and they did tell *I* there was a power a *vish* in the river at Rochester."

"So there is," said I; "but if you had asked the people about a corpse there, you would have frightened them as much as you did me."

"Pshaw! what d'ye *tell-o*," cried he; "you Londoners do be *zo dapper*, and do *laaf* at *we*. Now, d'ye let I alone; I *'ouldn't bide* here *vor* my *zaul*, where *volk* do look *vor* words *zo*; I'd *zo zoon* hang myself wi' a *card*."

In this mode of incomprehensible dialect

lect did he entertain me a quarter of an hour; but as some of my readers, who may be Somersetonians, may accuse me of illiberality, I had, perhaps, better drop the subject, acknowledging, with all due respect; that I mean no offence; having passed many happy hours in that fertile county, with a select few, whose words, though not couched in modern elegance, have yet conveyed to the heart a proportion of virtue and friendship, estimably imitative and endearing.

TAMBOURINA.

When I left the turnpike man, I saw not a human being for two miles, and during this lassitude of silence, I had held private converse with my own chimerical ideas. Crazy Jessy had crossed my mind an hundred times, and I now was resolved, the moment I entered Margate, to open a subscription for her benefit, not doubting but I should raise a comparative little fortune, for the relief of that hopeless and necessitous family.

Pleased with the prospect of hope and success, I was absorbed in a delightful reverie, when my attention was rouzed by the

the form of a female, stretched on a grassy bank, beneath the shade of a wild rose hedge.

As I softly approached, her attitude convinced me she was asleep: her arms were folded across her white bosom that peeped from the folds of her woollen jacket; her head was pillowed on a cymbal, and a fantastic tambourine half shaded her lovely rosy cheek, whose beauty was heightened by the sun-beam tinge, that cast its soft reflection through the parchment shade, while her short striped petticoat but half concealed her taper-ancle, and her gay-fringed slipper.

By her side slumbered also a pretty little boy, from the similitude of whose features I conceived to be her brother. His complexion was a clear brunette; the contour of his face evidently evinced him, like

like Tambourina, to be a foreigner; a profusion of dark glossy ringlets shaded his brow, and by his side lay a shining triangle, on which, no doubt, his dextrous little fingers could tinkle the sweetest measure.

I had gazed on them but a moment, when Tambourina rouzed, and fixing her sparkling black eyes on me, instantly raised herself, and tapping her little companion on the cheek, spoke to him in Italian.

"Play me one sweet tune, Tambourina," said I, touching the cymbal.

"Yes'a, Signor," replied the lovely Savoyard, slinging it across her shoulder, while she drew the sweetest notes of sprightly unison, to which the tinkling triangle joined concert.

"And

"And now for your tambourine," continued I.

Off slung the cymbal, and up she catched the fantastic instrument, while the boy assumed the music; but, good Heavens! what elegance of attitude and graceful majesty were displayed by the magic foot and bewitching form of Tambourina, for she was a sylvan Hillisberg.

Her profuse jetty ringlets sported in veiling luxuriance on her shoulders and bosom, while the silk handkerchief, that at first confined them, was displaced by the evolutions of the tambourine. Oh! what a lovely fascinating object she was at that moment; a stoic might have yielded his heart to her charms, still more eminently heightened by the glow her animated exertions had diffused over her cheek.

"Ah!

"Ah! Tambourina," cried I, when she dropped the instrument, and stood leaning over a low gate to recover herself, "what an acquisition would such brilliant talents become to the theatrical amateur! Hast thou no friends to promote thy introduction to a liberal and admiring world?"

She shook her head, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah! what you tell poor Savoyard. She wander far from de good amicos, because so poor; so grieve. No Buona Madrona in England; no much money here for Italiana; de sing, de dance, de musica, no make rich;—littel, very littel, give to poor me."

"And what induced you, Tambourina, to leave your native country?"

"Ah! dio Signor!" and she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Ah! dio, have you not know de great battle in my country? Mine fader, mine two broders, all perish in de grand armistice.—Ah, Buonaparte! your glory, my sad grief."

"You fled, then, from the miseries of war, sweet minstrel?" replied I.

"Ah! ci, Signor; wid one brave English lad, me sail one deep dark night, wid poor Ricardo; he dress in petticoat, and make one pretty girl; and I was boy in sailor's jacket; ah, my poor, dear, good amico, Signor, is all die, and dis sad heart was love him dearly; for when I kneel and pray, him spare my little broder; *hide* him to England, and make me

me boy; he kiss, he bless me, and he much grieve to see my cottage burn, and all my friends destroy. Ah, he was angel! God was tear him, too, from poor Malvina; yet, me do live to save Ricardo, darling boy; he sing so sweet—he play so pretty, and he so good—so fond, dat when I pray de blessed Virgin for let me live, and give me bread, 'tis for Ricardo dat me ask much blessing."

My head had dropped mechanically on my hand, which rested over my cane, during this ingenious recital. "Ah! how happens it," said I to myself, "that these affecting tales seldom interest the hearts of those, whose abler fortunes could impart relief." Every body tells me some interesting story, so that my compassion is kept in daily combustion, like mount Vesuvius, and every object impregnates me with the electrical fire of

sensibility. Is it doomed to be my bane, as Susan often threatens? Is it a reprehensible virtue? Ah, no! it emulates the heart; it deifies it with a secret glory. Poor Yorick was its most eminent votary; and while his shrine is consecrated with immortal laurel, and the recording pencil of fame has engraven the tablet of memory with the shining character annexed to his merit, I shall feel equal felicity in the idea of one humble sprig consecrating my memory, even though planted over my lowly tomb by the hand of a *negro*, and watered by the tear of a *beggar*; for thus we should each share our deserts according to the equality of our principles; for though the *head* of a Yorick never graced my shoulders, our *hearts* have never ceased beating in unison.

Thus was I ruminating, my eye fixed on

on vacancy, my foot motionless, but my brain on full gallop, when Ricardo, tinkling his triangle, broke my reverie.

Tambourina, (as my fancy christened her) was still absorbing a pearl of sorrow as she resumed her cymbal at her back, and fastened her tambourine to her girdle.

"And whither art thou travelling, hapless foreigner?" again asked I.

"To Dovere," replied she, "and try seek refuge á Calais; I not like England, dey no much like Italianas; dey make laugh; dey cry 'Eh', eh', go back —go help you grande Buonaparte; *he* make you *rich—he* make you *great*;' but, ah! he was make me only wretched. No, no, no, me not seek him, indeed; we shall no find bread under de ruins of our burnt cottage; we will no see de spot what hide de ashes of our murdered

famille; de bleeding heart dat Buonaparte was cause, Malvina shall no more feel de tyrant's power."

"But have you any friends at Calais?" said I.

"Ah, non, Signor, but de Francaise much love encourage, still, de dance, de musique; so me hope dey will succour poor Savoyard, for de love of God."

"Alas!" replied I, "they have little to do with the love of God, I fear; and where is your dependance on the humanity of a Frenchman?"

Tambourina shook her head; and raising her clasped hands and fine eyes to Heaven, "Holy Virgin," exclaimed she, "Whither must we fly?".

A thought at that moment occurring to

to me, that such a charming dancer and minstrel might prove a high acquisition to the Margate theatre, I instantly persuaded her to direct her steps thither, assuring her I would exert all my interest with the manager to accept her, not doubting but her exquisite abilities would soon render her superiorly attractive, and thereby insure her a very liberal support, at least, for the season, independant of any future establishment.

The grateful Savoyard fell on her knees, and in her interesting, broken English, implored the Virgin's blessing on my head.

"Oh!" cried she, "you was one *English angel*—you was now, indeed, comfort de sick heart of sad Malvina."

Her rhapsody of an *English angel*,

made me smile, and I explained to her the cause.

"Ah! ah!" cried she, her lively features brightening with the sun-shine of hope, with whose lustre my proposals had irradiated them. "Ah! ah! ver true, dare is much, all sorts; you not know how many Italian have de angel face, too, but de devil heart; and I was hear tell dat all de English was benevolente; but, helas! I was only find one in all de *grande Islande.*"

Thus did she talk, as if half frantic with delight; and highly pleased should I have been in such a companion during the remainder of my journey, had I not reflected that Malvina, by loitering on the road, and arresting the attention of travellers by the dulcet notes of her cymbal, might pick up many a shilling, whilst

whilst I plodded on and prepared the manager for her reception; I therefore gave her my address, at Benson's hotel, where I meant to reside, and we parted mutually gratified. As I pressed her hand, I slipped a crown into it, to supply present exigencies, and hurried away as fast as possible, to elude all farther ebullitions of gratitude.

THE CHOLICK.

At the door of a cottage sat a fine little girl, weeping a plentiful shower of tears over a small book, which, on my approach, she hid in her frock.

"What's your pretty poppet crying about, dame?" asked I.

"She's crying about the *cholick*, your honour; for she's a bad hand at *taking* any thing," answered the cottager, who was scouring the inside of a brass skillet, ready to shine on Sunday.

"Poor little soul," said I, "she'll suffer for't, if she don't.

"That

"That she will, your honour," returned the dame; "but its always the same every *Saturday*."

"What is it owing to want of digestion?" said I. "She certainly ought to have advice."

"Oh, my Lady gives her the best of advice every Sunday when she comes; but as she sees plain enough, to my sorrow, do what she will, it always *sticks* in the girl's *stomach*."

"God bless me!" said I, "how long does it trouble her?"

"Oh, for hours, and hours; sometimes its only a short one, and sometimes its a goodish long one, as it happens to be to-day; and so, Sir, you see what's the consequence."

"But do you apply no remedy?"

"Yes, Sir; I *laces* her well, sometimes."

"But you should, surely, rather *unlace* her," continued I.

"Why, I *does* strip her skin half off her back very often—she makes me so mad; there's none of my neighbours' children be plagued with the *cholick* like she, though they ben't near so old; she's as stubborn as an ass; and my Lady will soon be tired of attending her, I'm sure; for 'tisn't every body would be so good as she is. Come here, Madge—do, and *shew* the gentleman your *cholick*.

"Aye, shew me the place, my dear," said I, expecting she would point to the seat of pain in her stomach, when, behold, with downcast eye, and unwilling hand,

hand, the little dunce drew forth a prayer-book, and presented to my view a formidable long *collect*.

The error I had laboured under now made me smile.

"If this is the *only* pain you feel in your stomach every *Saturday*," said I, "I am sure it will in time do you a great deal of good; therefore dry your tears, for learn it you must; and here's a penny to buy gingerbread; and remember, when I pass this way again, which I shall in the course of two or three more Saturdays, I shall expect to see you laughing with pleasure and delight over your collect, which you will be able to repeat like a good scholar, and then I shall reward you with a fine piece of silver money, to shine in your Christmas-box."

The

The little desponding features brightened up—she wiped her tears on her checked frock, and promised to become very attentive, most probably from the hope of the reward, though she seemed to leer doubtingly at me.

"Aye, aye!" said I, "I shall be as true to my *text* as you to your collect, depend upon it."

"My life for't," replied the dame, "Madge will never win the piece, she's such an obstinate *twoad*."

"Had I known," answered I, "what you meant by the collect, when I first asked Madge, I should not so much have pitied her; but I really thought she was afflicted with a pain in her stomach."

"Lauk-a-daisy! did your honour think

think so? Dear heart, why, my Lady always calls it the cholick, I'm sure. *Larning*'s a fine thing—I wishes I knowed how to spell and read, and then I shouldn't never make no mistakes. But your honour sees what I mean, in the prayer-book; and when my Lady comes round to hear the children *peat* their *cholicks*, to-morrow, how she will laugh, when I tells her what a mistake was like to be between us. But would your honour be so kind just to tell me what I should call it?"

"*Collect*," said I.

"Collect," repeated she. "Oh, well, then I'll be hanged if it is not all these hard cramp words put together, that gives our parson such a pain in his stomach, as he talks about, after preaching of a Sunday; and so I shall say to him, next time I sees him, 'Aye, your reverence,' says

says I, 'it's certainly the *collect* in your stomach, for you seldom have that pain, you know, except of a Sunday."

For my soul, I could not resist the impulse of laughter, that dilated my features, as the good woman stared at me.

"What now?" said she.

"Why, you are wrong?" said I; "the word *collect* means a prayer; and *cholick* is a pain in the stomach."

"How's that?" replied she. "Why they be both alike, sure. Dear heart! Well, I can't understand; but an collects be prayers, Madge shall never forget to bless you in her *collects* every night."

"Prayers," said I, "you mean."

"Dear;

"Dear, dear! I don't know what I means, hardly; I be so puzzled between one thing and t'other thing; so, your honour, don't say no more about it."

"Good bye, Madge," said I; "remember the silver piece, and despise the name of a dunce."

Madge grinned—the dame shook her head.

"Your servant—and thank you, your honour," cried she, as I followed Trudge, who was setting at a robin, for which maliciously intended prize I raised my tone to a certain corrective note I am obliged to pitch, that I may model *his* sensibility, though I could effect nothing with the cottager's intellects.

THE TELL-TALES.

I HAD made but a very slender breakfast at a miserable inn, by the early hour of seven; and as I now found the necessity of again satisfying the calls of hunger, I determined taking my dinner at the first convenient accommodation, purposing to sup at Margate; I therefore quickened my pace, and shortly arrived at a little village, where the creeking of an old shattered sign soon gave me to understand I had found out the place I was in search of.

Over the antique porch branched a pair of enormous horns, beneath whose covert sat

at three travellers, regaling on ale and biscuits.

I walked into the kitchen, where a fine leg of mutton was spinning by a string through the twirling fingers of an athletic pock-fretten wench, whose trout skin and goggle eyes were more roasted than the mutton; while profuse pearls stood on her wrinkled forehead, which she was sweeping off with a greasy yarn-apron, wound round a paw grimed in smut.

The evolutions of the dingy flag had discomposed one of the dirtiest caps that ever decked the head of a female sooterkin; and in endeavouring to adjust it again, she had tucked up such a crop of matted, carotty, frizzled hair, as exposed, not a *Grecian* pole, but a real pole of *grease*, furrowed in tracks of glebe, thick enough to have sewed onions.

This

This morning relish instantly commanded my appetite, for I felt no symptoms of hunger, while I contemplated the dirty cook.

The landlord coming in with a mug of ale, loudly praised the beauty and fatness of the twirling joint; observing, in one half hour more it would be a picture for any table in England, if I pleased to partake of it.

"And so is the cook a complete picture," thought I; "you may therefore pair her and the mutton together, for me; the biscuits I saw in a basket at the door, may be clean," said I to myself, "at least this dingy slut has not, probably, handled them; therefore, with a draught of ale out of a clean glass, I may satisfy my present hunger, and trust to a better furnished supper, where cleanliness

liness and decency presides over pot and spit." So returning to the porch, I ordered my ale, observing, I was in haste, and had neither time or inclination to wait for the mutton.

While I sat crumping my biscuit, one of the travellers, drawing his watch, observed it was two o'clock, and calling the landlord, demanded why dinner was not on table.

"'Tis only one, indeed, gentlemen," answered he; "for my clock is the *most exactest* in Kent, and *always tells true*; and if you've a mind to walk into the kitchen, you may examine it, for it's a bit of a *kurosity*."

The travellers arose; and as I love to inspect curiosities, I also followed them, though I did not believe the clock could be

be a greater object of wonder than the cook; however, as all the world do not coincide in one opinion, my present companions might not feel those *agonies* of *delicacy*, which have so often waged war with my hunger; yet, I am not an epicure;—a crust of bread will always satisfy my appetite, but it *must* be a *clean* one.

The landlord approached the clock, but it was evidently stopped by a broom, which impeded the pendulum.

"C—e the girl," said he, "she's always in mischief!"

"What d'ye *jaw* me for?" said the girl of grease, with the voice of an ox; "why don't ye *blow up* mistress? 'Twas she and the '*Squire* romping in the *cheer*, as pushed the broom across; I'd nothing to

to do with it, for I left them together, and marched myself off into the tap."

At this moment, the pendulum being relieved from its confinement, the clock uttered one portentous *cuckoo.*

"So! so!" cried a traveller, "you abound in *tell-tales,* landlord; 'tisn't every man would like hourly to have his ears dinned with such truisms as you declare your clock repeats, and of which we have just received oral demonstration."

"Ad rot the cuckoo," said he, "I'll shatter it to atoms before I'll be so badgered as I have been. Zounds, no man was ever so pestered; if I stand at my door, every body grins about the horns over my head; and I'll swear I only stuck them up because the '*Squire* made me a *present* of them last year, when he killed

killed a buck; but now, dash my wig, if they and the clock sha'n't both come down, to-morrow."

"Aye," replied the traveller, "and I'd make the 'Squire *come down*, too, if he kissed my wife."

"Pooh!" said he, "that's all a lie; my Kate wouldn't suffer no such liberties.—She's as virtuous as *myself*."

"Yes, yes," replied a voice through the crack of the cupboard-door, "little Judy's a *proof* of that."

The landlord reddened to his very ears; the travellers burst into a loud laugh, persuading him to let both clock and horns remain, since they mutually belonged to both husband and wife.

The

The landlord endeavoured to jeer it off by a low pun, though he took care to sneak away as fast as possible; so leaving a groat on the table to defray my expences, I bid adieu to the tell-tales, viz. the *cuckoo*, the *horns*, and the *girl of grease*.

THE CRUSHED MOUSE.

How nimble flew the feet of a fine boy after a beautiful mouse, that was scampering over the ridges of a cart-rut, and in one moment it became a prisoner, bound by a piece of packthread, into the corner of his old ragged pocket handkerchief.

The exultation that flushed in the little rogue's expressive eyes, and the blooming blush of delight that mantled on his cheek, foretold the pleasure of his conquest.

"I'll carry him home," said he, "put him in a little cage, and feed him; for he's

he's a beauty, and I have long wished for a mouse; I shall call him Bright-eyes, and be so fond of him—dear, how lucky I was to catch him."

"But," said I, "remember you have deprived him of liberty."

"Aye—but, Sir, I will feed him well; and when I'm tired of him, I'll bring him back to the same place, and let him out, very gently—indeed, I don't mean to hurt him."

"You had better be charitable to him, now," replied I. "Poor, little creature, you punish and torment him by confinement."

The boy looked at me earnestly, but he did not like to relinquish his prize.

"Well, well," said I, "if you possess but humanity, you are a noble fellow; never either practise or witness cruelty."

"Indeed, it shan't be hurt by me, Sir," continued he. "Yonder sits granny—I'll go shew it to her."

Granny, it seemed, was mending a worsted stocking at the door of a neat cottage; and beside her sat an uncouth plough-boy, shelling peas.

The little hero approached; and, in infantine volubility, repeated his good fortune, while he was untying the string.

As I was by this time within perfect hearing, I could easily distinguish the features of reprehension in the grandmother's countenance, and caught every syllable she uttered.

"Mouse!"

"Mouse!" repeated she to William's breathless recital. "Lord, child, how could you think of bringing it home? How d'ye know its a mouse? Who told you so? Let it go this moment, I say. Cage it, and feed it, indeed—what nonsense!"

"La, granny!—Why not?" replied the boy, with sulky pout; and clenching the mouse in his hand. "Look at its pretty eyes; its little sharp mouth, and its strong whiskers; and what a long tail its got!"

"That's a true sign its a young rat.—For God's sake, child, throw it away; I do insist upon it."

"Well," said the poor child, half reconciled to give the mouse its liberty on the judgment pronounced by his grand-

mother, who was peeping at it through her spectacles; "well," continued he, "let me tie the string to its tail, and it shall run about upon the green till grandfather comes home; and then, if he says its a rat, I'll let him go."

"That's a good boy," said I; "and if it proves to be a mouse, I'm sure your good grandmother will indulge you in the pleasure of keeping it a few days; for my part, I do not profess my judgment, but it appears to me to be a mouse."

"Let *I* look at *un*," says the plough-boy, poking his nose over the little creature as it frisked in the grass, imprisoned by William's packthread.

"Dang it," cried he, stamping his huge hob-nailed shoe on the innocent victim, "'tis a young rat, by *Gosh*."

The

The instant shriek of William thrilled my very soul; he flew at the plough-boy, and burst into tears. "Oh, God!" sobbed he, "you brute, you've crushed the mouse to atoms."

"You little rough-headed barbarian," said I, pushing him aside, to avenge the child's humanity; "how dared you be so cruel?"

"Cruel," said he; "la! I could kill *any thing*."

"You look as if you could," replied I, picking up the mutilated creature, which proved unfortunately to be a mouse, and thereby doubly increased the grief of poor William.

"Ah, you cruel wretch!" exclaimed he, "how would you have liked to have been crushed to death?"

"Not at all; 'cause I bean't a rat.'

"But it could feel as well as you," retorted William.

"I did not think about that," answered the plough-boy.

"But I hope you'll not forget it again," said I, "when the life of any creature is in your power."

"Well, I be sorry I *scronched* him now, too," cried the plough-boy, whose heart I had begun to soften.

"Then never do it again, Dick," answered the granny; "for your's is a hard heart as ever beat; and I could almost thrash you myself for being so cruel. If I did say it was a rat, I did not bid you *kill* it."

"I never

"I never *wool* touch another," said Dick. "I'll remember what the *gem-man* told me; and now, dash me if I'll kill the pig next Friday, that I *wun't*."

"Pshaw," cried I, "there's a wide difference between killing an animal with propriety for the benefit of man, and killing it out of wanton sport; the one you are commanded by God to do, and the other you are equally forbidden."

"Commanded, or not commanded, *by God*, I won't kill the pig, though," said Dick.

Granny now kissed William, who still sobbed over his crushed mouse, and wiped away his tears with her apron, earnestly subjoining his wish of having never brought it home.

Oh, what exquisite tears of sensibility that boy shed! What an estimable heart must he possess! How many vicious school-boys would have rejoiced in such a sacrifice? for William lamented not the loss of the mouse, but the cruel death it had suffered.

"Your compassion has so engaged my favour, William," said I, "that here's a shilling, with an M upon it, that I shall present you with, in remembrance of me and the mouse; and, when you relate its history to the village boys, tell them it was given you by a man who admired your humanity; and when they practise the same virtue, God will send them just such another."

William thanked me with a low bow—and his granny seemed as highly pleased with my commendation of her boy, as he was

was with the shilling; but what a countenance had Dick, as he eyed the action askance.

"If I thought," said I, "thou wouldst never again be guilty of inhumanity, thou, too, shouldst have a keepsake. Come, suppose I try the effect, take this piece of silver, but never spend it; look at it every day, and call it, if you please, the *ghost of a mouse;* and, while your conscience stamps it with that impression, it will be the most valuable shilling you will ever possess, for it will ever prevent you from being cruel again, whilst you observe my advice."

Dick's enormous ears were now of as deep a scarlet as his conscious cheek—he received the pledge of humanity with the humble bow of gratitude, assuring me,

fervently, he'd "*persarve* it from *generation* to *generation.*"

How the plough-boy profited by my *shilling's-worth of humanity*, I know not; but while my heart justified the humble advice I proffered, I felt that retributive mercy was alone the infallible balm to alleviate the cankerous pang of guilt. I had neither the oil, wine, or heavenly mission of the Samaritan, 'tis true; but if my rhetoric sheathed the ever-ready poignard of barbarity in the hand of a savage, I shall indeed fancy myself a useful atom of creation, refunding the great debt of Nature, by the loan of gratitude.

THE

THE INFANT WANDERER.

My own gigantic shadow had moved on before me for an additional three miles, and I had yet above two more to complete, before I reached the fascinating region, when the tremulous plaints of an infant wanderer claimed my attention, and I beheld a lovely girl, about three years old, weeping bitterly, and running in every direction across the road.

Her blue-check pin-cloth was filled with flowers and corn, and behind her trailed a long branch of linden, while her little ruddy fat feet, unguarded by shoe or stocking, exposed by a short ragged

ragged stuff petticoat, pattered nimbly along.

"What's the matter, pretty dear?" said I. "Where are you going?"

"Go a mammy—oh, dear! go home—go see mammy."

"And where does mammy live?"

The child gazed wildly round her—burst into a fresh flood of tears, stamped her little feet, and again screamed for her mammy.

I kissed her rosy cheek—I endeavoured to pacify her, telling her I would carry her home, as I found she had lost her way; but I could obtain no intelligence of her residence, nor to whom she belonged, any more than her name was Patty, and

and "*Mammy's pond,*" and "*Mammy's ducks,*" was the only clue that guided me to imagine I must search for some cottage where a pond was attached; so, taking her in my arms, and wiping her tears, I walked briskly on; but Patty would neither relinquish her lap of flowers, nor her pretty bough, which she dangled over my back; and in this stile I was met by a peasant with a younger child in her arms. From the velocity of her approach, I doubted not but she was the mother of my foundling, and so it proved; for the child instantly exclaiming, "Mammy! mammy!" flew from my arms, and bounded towards her.

The woman immediately laid down the baby on the grass, and seizing on Miss Patty, raised her brown camblet, and wreeked the most unmerciful vengeance her callous hand could deal, before I could

could approach to reason, and mitigate for the little wanderer; and ere I cried, "Halloo!—mercy!—patience!"—and all the monosyllables of restraint I could articulate, as I ran gasping for breath, the cottage tigress had dashed away all the blooming treasures of Patty's collection, and snapped the precious linden branch in twenty shivers.

"Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!" cried I, catching an impending blow from her athletic hand, destined to have levelled the offending child, whom I screened behind me. "Have patience," continued I; "your child is safe; I have found her, and was bringing her home; she had lost her way."

"And I wish to Christ she'd never found it again," interrupted the woman; "a young plague, she has frightened me

me to death; I could skin her alive; twice she's been nabbed by the gipsies, to beg with, and now *you* have found her, forsooth!"

Here the cottager glanced a suspicious look at me and poor Trudge, without so much as thanks for my care.

"Do you suppose, then," said I, "that I meant to lure away your child?"

"God knows," replied she, "*better looking* people than you have had bad hearts, before now, and done bad actions, too; so you might, or you might not; but I warrant me she sha'n't run away again, for I'll *larrup* her all the way home; I'll make her remember it, for she's *my* child, and I've a *right* to do as I like with her."

"But

"But you've no right to treat her with cruelty; a single twig of birch is a sufficient chastisement from the hand of a parent; but while the heavy hand of passion deals its fury, one unguarded blow may make you guilty of murder, and then your own life may pay the forfeit of your rashness. Oh, let me beseech you, dame, never again strike your child so inhumanly."

"Lord, hold your tongue, *mister*; who made you a judge? I warrant, now, you're some old bachelor, preaching up; ad rot it, I wish you was mother to half a dozen squalling brats, worrying your soul out, and howling at your heels, day and night, I fancy you'd be in a passion as well as other folks, and reason good—Don't tell me—mothers have a right to do any thing; pray, who breeds them—brings them into the world — nurses them—

them—feeds them—clothes them—but their poor *fag* of a *mother?* while you men can't so much as bear to hear them cry, forsooth! Oh, its a precious life, all in all!"

Patty had once more collected her scattered blossoms, but she could not join the broken bough.

"Poor little soul! she's a lovely girl," said I, kissing her blooming cheek; "God bless the pretty poppet, she might have wandered all night; and think, then, how miserable you'd have been. Come, come, you have whipped her cruelly—now steal a mother's delightful kiss, and make her little heart happy."

As I spoke, I raised the child to her cheek; it clasped its tender hands round her neck, and sobbing on her bosom, she pressed it tenderly to her heart.

From

From the low-bending branch of an elm, I stole a protruding bough, and the delighted Patty again trotted before her mother, in the same attitude I first met her.

What a thankless present is proffered advice! and this ignorant cottager was a proof of it; for she trudged back with her children in as sullen a mood as I met her, still maintaining her own perverse opinion, of correcting her child as severely as she thought proper.

THE SAMPHIRE GIRL.

I HAD passed two or three gay carriages taking their evening airings with company, across the solitary flats of the Isle of Thanet, and I was contemplating the well-known object of Hooper's Mill, burnished by the glowing tints of a rich sun-set, when I came within sight of a young female, slightly clad in a tattered garb, but whose elegance of gait, and delicacy of form, particularly drew my attention. She was warbling a rural ballad, in tones peculiarly sweet, and on her arm she carried a large basket, apparently filled with herbage.

As

As I passed, she dropped me a modest courtesy, which drew me, instinctively, to glance at her features.

She was a very pretty brunette, with the most expressive eyes, fringed by the finest silken lashes I ever saw; and, as she modestly cast them downwards, and ceased her song, her rustic charms were heightened by a roseate blush that suffused her cheek.

"What have you in your basket?" asked I.

"Samphire, your honour; 'tis gathered from the rocks for pickling, and I am conveying it to the hotel at Margate."

"And where do you live?" continued I.

"At

"At St. Lawrence, your honour; my father is a fisherman, my mother is a spinner."

"And what are you?" said I.

"Any thing, almost, your honour, that I can turn my hand to, to earn a penny; but at Margate they call me the Samphire Girl."

"And your name, fair villager?"

"Susan Woodley."

"Aye, I like Susans mightily," replied I;" "and if you are as good as one I've got at home, you need not be better."

The girl smiled, but she made no reply.

"What

"What do you expect for your samphire?" asked I.

"Four and sixpence, your honour, and that's a good help to a poor family, considering it cost nothing but my trouble. Times are so desperate hard, we must make money wherever we can; for it all goes, now-a-days, in bread, and little enough of that, too, God knows."

"True," said I, "our staff of life seems reducing to a twig."

"It does, indeed, your honour," answered she, with a deep sigh; "but," continued she, laying her hand on her heart, "doesn't your honour think its owing to the cruel war?"

"I wish I could properly answer your question, Susan," replied I, "but that belongs

belongs to superior powers and judgment than mine to determine; in short, 'tis a subject as dangerous as unpleasant, and so let's drop it."

"The war," resumed Susan, still harping on the theme; "the war certainly affects some people, more than others; because, where you have no friend gone to battle, why you hear of it all without feeling it, like; because why, you don't see it in the first place, and in the next, it can't snatch away a father, a brother, or a—a *any body* you esteem."

The hesitating, *any body you esteem*, instantly touched the little vibrating chord of suspicion in my breast; I turned my penetrating look on Susan, whose tearful eye dropped on the samphire she was arranging in visible embarrassment.

"Perhaps you have a brother there," cried I, "you speak so feelingly."

"No," answered Susan, "only a friend."

"A dear one, I fancy," rejoined I; "a sweetheart, fair Susan; and a true one, I hope, for your sake."

The girl started, as if she had conceived me to be a magician, who had explored her inmost thoughts.

"Well, to be sure," cried she, "Ned Wilmot is as worthy a young man as ever lived; he was our neighbour's son, please your honour—his father is a thatcher, an honest hard-working man—and his mother has never held up her head since poor Ned was listed. Oh! it was very cruel to *trap-pan* him away so, and tell him

him such a pack of fine tales about honour and glory. Ah! I shall never forget when he marched off through the village, in his red coat, after the odious drum; his poor mother said it sounded to her mind just like his funeral bell. He was a fine tall young fellow, just fit for a soldier, your honour, and the guinea they gave him, he left with me for a keep-sake; and what do you think he bid me save it for, your honour? I'm sure you can't guess."

"Why, to buy a wedding gown, and a good dinner, most likely," said I.

"La! your honour must be a *witch*," replied Susan; "for you have exactly guessed it; and so, your honour, I vowed a great oath, that I would never have no *lord* in the whole world but *himself*; and if I died before he came back, it should buy me a coffin."

What an artless secret had I extracted. "God grant him a glorious victory, and safe return," said I, "and with the blessing of success, you may both repose on a *bed* of *laurels.*"

Susan comprehended me not.

"Craving your honour's pardon," cried she, "I had rather have a comfortable *bed* of *feathers;* and if I ever live to see the happy day, I'll be married in a flowered chintz, with blue ribbons, and have a *leg of mutton* and *trimmings* for dinner; and if I knew your honour's name, I'd drink your health in a brimming noggin of ale, because you're such a good-hearted *kind* of a *gentleman.*"

"Then, Susan," said I, "toast me as the queer-looking traveller, and his faithful dog, Trudge."

"Thank

"Thank your honour," replied she; "I shall never forget that name; and when I take up our little brown can, I shall say, with all my heart, here's health and happiness to good *Mr. Trudge.*"

"Aye, aye," said I, "a man's never too old to be christened by a good name; and as I'm a trudger by will and nature, its not an inapplicable one."

By this time we had entered Margate, and the samphire girl, humbly courtesying her modest adieu, quickened her pace to the hotel, whither I entered also, just as she turned back from the door with her empty basket.

SOLID PORTER.

BEING ushered into a small comfortable parlour, and having bespoke a good bed, and ordered my supper, I sat reading the papers till the waiter placed it on the table, requesting to know what liquor I chose.

"We have fine ale, good table-beer, and most excellent *solid porter*, Sir; the very best in England."

"Then bring it, by all means," replied I, smiling; "solid porter must, indeed, be a rarity."

Away whisked the waiter, and returned in

in a few moments, with a foaming silver tankard.

"There, Sir," said he, pouring some into a goblet, "did you ever see any liquor so fine, rich, and clear?—Its as mild as spring, and as brisk as Christmas. I always make a point of recommending it to every gentleman I wait on; and, I assure you, every body praises it."

I raised the glass to my lips, and I found it, indeed, commendable.

"And this is what you call *solid* porter?" said I.

"Yes, indeed, Sir, for its none of your *monopoly slop*, nor *quashi drench;* its what I call *John Bull's own genuine solid porter.*—I never set it before any gentleman who disapproved it, but one; and he being

a rigid *dramacat*, thought nothing good that was not like himself; so he said it was too *frothy* and *heady*, and that it would *lull* peoples *senses*, while it *picked* their *pockets*—that at a groat a quart, it was too dear by *half*; but, for my part, as I knew his principles, I did not mind his *preachment*."

"'Tis very good, however," said I; "and we must compound for the price in proportion to the superiority of the commodity."

At that moment a carriage drew up to the door, and the waiter begging permission to step and see who was arrived, I readily assented, not doubting but I should obtain some fresh scrap of news on his return, as I suspected from his loquacity he was the hotel oracle, from whom I might glean some useful hints, during

during my temporary residence in this region of extravagance and vanity; and so it proved, for he soon after entered, half breathless, from conducting the traveller up stairs, of whom he gave me the following particulars:—

NEST EGGS.

"I BEG pardon, Sir, for leaving you; but that gentleman is one of our annual inmates, and we always keep a particular room for his accommodation; he's a gentleman of great respectability, and good fortune. Ah! Sir, he's one of your real good men, whose eyes and ears are never shut against misery—the greatest œconomy has been his general practice, and he's now snugly *tiled-in*, as they call it, for the winter of life. But then, how has it arisen? Why, he has not only made, but saved a fortune, where others never imagined the means existed. 'Waste not—want not,' says he; and the servants tell

tell me, he has one of the completest little scrap magazines at home that ever was seen; for, Sir, he keeps a certain closet, in which you'll find what thousands never looked for, such as, a basket for old corks —a hook, suspending a hundred lengths of packthread of every size and description, each neatly knotted with the greatest precision—a box of old nails and mutilated iron implements—a file of waste paper—a bundle of quill feathers to oil locks, creeking doors, &c. &c.—in short, I forget half the collection; but there is not a single thing but has its different place, and is constantly supplying the exigence of the moment—no crumbs are left unswept off his table-cloth—no *gnawed crusts*—no *orts*—no *grains* of *salt* disgrace his plate; and if there's a man breathing can live in the worst of times, 'tis *he*; for though plenty ever smiles on his board, prodigality finds no

knife and fork there. Nor is this commendable virtue the only one he practises; for whether it snows, rains, or shines—whether crippled by a gouty ancle, he is obliged to hobble on his favourite bamboo—still the old yellow cushion and the knee-worn cassock in the matted pew, are never vacated by their constant Sunday visitor; and as the good man's prayer is always acceptable, so is the good man's presence, and he is as regularly sought as admired Ah! Sir, if every man had followed his principles, there would not be so many aching hearts in the world."

"Perhaps you speak partially, from some pecuniary favour," said I.

"No, Sir," replied the waiter, "far from it; the gentleman always made me a genteel compliment, which, though not an

an extravagant one, my own reason told me was proportionate to my trouble, and I always found myself contented. His facetious pleasantry is so engaging, that I warrant, if you meet him on the Pier to-morrow morning, you'll see him welcomed by all descriptions, so that his hat and glove are kept in perpetual motion, by bowing and shaking hands with his numerous acquaintances."

"I should like to know his name," rejoined I.

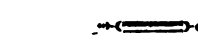
"'Tis a very honourable one, I'll assure you, Sir; and though he is a citizen, the *courtier* who claims it with a higher title, cannot boast a more spotless fame; but I'll point him out to your notice to-morrow, and you will then find I have not exaggerated."

The

The bar-bell ringing furiously, and my informer's name being loudly vociferated, he was obliged to leave me abruptly, and another substitute cleared away the fragments of my meal.

If thou art an œconomist, gentle reader, thou'lt not disprove my nest-eggs; and when any such articles fall in thy way, try the effect of the hint, and exculpate the writer from the odium of criticism, who never professed to trace her characters with the point of a *lancet* dipped in *gall*, but only depicts nature with a humble quill that moulted from the wing of Genius, in one of his flights, which being pruned into shape by Fancy, is alone the simple instrument she wields, unguided by the hand or wit of a malicious satirist, aiming, alone, to emulate virtue and correct vice.

A LAND PORPOISE.



When I opened my eyes the next morning, the glowing sun-beam was reflecting a variety of fantastic shadows on my bed-curtain, and warned me it was time to rise, if I wished for an amusing ramble to the bathing-houses.

How balmy, how refreshing was the air, as I threw up my window; and huddling on my cloaths, away I brushed to Surflen's, to inhale the salubrity of the sea breeze, and reconnoitre my bathing friends; for though I by no means enjoy their maritime refreshment, I do their converse.

I was

I was perusing the morning list of bathers, when in bustled a ruby-faced lady of the east, with two squalid children; whose meagre forms but illy contrasted with their robust mother.

"Where's Mrs. Surflen?" demanded she, in a raven's voice; "I want particularly to see her—I have something of consequence to tell her. My girls are ordered to bathe, and as its the first time, I want to give proper instructions how I choose they should go in."

"My mother, Madam," replied a pretty sea-nymph, "is gone to bathe the Duchess and Lady Louisa; she'll not be long; but, at present, every machine is occupied, and as its a fine full sea this morning, every body is anxious to be first."

"No

"No doubt of it, child—so much the *worser* for my girls; it will be just like the *pool* of *Bethsada* by the time they get a dip; I hate to be last in such a *general wash-pot*; the *corrupted* water of the *leopards* has not time to float away before in pops my *chickens*, as pure as two *wenuses*, for they are ordered to go in as *naturals*, as the physician said, when I *axed* him yesterday."

The company tittered; but the eastern migrater heeded them not; and the next machine brought the bather to the steps, in her dripping flannel swarth.

"Oh, here you are, thank God, Mrs. Surflen!" exclaimed the lady; "come up, will you; I want to speak to you about the Miss *Gristles*, my *darters*."

"I can't come out, Ma'am," answered the

the bather, peeping from the door of the machine; "I'm all undressed; I am only come on shore for my brandy, and Lady Spectre's dress."

"Well, well, Surflen, I don't want to *squeedge* into the *thingumbob* now—I only must speak to you about my girls; can you take them back with you? And be sure to hold them fast, that they don't swim away, for they never went in before, and they'll be *timiated* to death; and I don't like to see them myself, for I expect they'll *scream* and *kick* finely."

"Lord, no! we sha'n't, *Mar.* What a fuss you make," said one of them, twitching her gown as she vociferated out of the window, "we can go very well by ourselves."

Mrs. Surflen now replied, she could not

not take them with her; but if the lady chose to send them in the next machine, she might depend on her care and attention.

"Well, so they shall," continued the lady; "but, Surflen, remember they are to go in as *naturals*, you understand me; and as you know how *frightful* they are, be sure you *clapse* them tight, and give them but a gentle souse; don't let them go feet-foremost, d'ye hear? And mind they shut their eyes and their mouths; and take care they don't leap in over your head, for they can spring like *Welsh goats*; so be sure you attend to my *commandements*, Surflen, for fear of any *accidency*."

A second general simper succeeded; and away drove the machine.

"Talking of bathing-dresses is mighty

apropos

apropos," resumed the lady; "so, pray, where's mine? Rout it out of the locker, Miss, will you? I have altered my mind—I'll take a dip myself; I shall be a sort of a *fortification* to the girls' courage. Lord, I always goes in with such a bounce.—I never *screeches,* like some of your *nervish* people, not I. Come, Miss, where's my dress? Be quick—jump about, will ye? The *mecheen* will be here in a *jiffy.*"

"Is this your's, Ma'am?" asked the attendant, exploring a dingy, darned flannel.

"Mine!" replied the lady. "Humph! I say, mine, indeed! What, d'ye think I look as if I'd wrap myself in such an odious thing? Lord, child, you seem to know little about your business; mine is a *bran*-new, fine Welsh flannel, tied with a scarlet ribbon at the neck; and my own

own crest is worked on the back, because I'd keep it to myself. Yes, yes, mine's got a *porpus* on it, cut out of my grandfather's gold pompadour waistcoat, and sewed on with scarlet silk, in the likeness of fins; so its notified enough, if you do but make proper use of your eyes."

Indefatigably had the attendant turned and examined the dresses, but still no porpoise made its appearance.

"It's vastly odd," said the lady, "where can it be? I'm sure, I shan't go in without; I'm not so *audaciously undecent*, as some of your quality folks; no, no, what does Pope say?—

'That *modest* words admits of no *offence*,
And want of decency, is all *nonsense*.'

"There's a speech for you! any body may *iradicate* by that; its a verse speaks *extinctly* enough for the weakest *compa-*

city

city to *'larn*; them there lines *was* always great favorites of mine. I hate your *immortality* people, with their *nonsical double tenders*; I'm sure I know a great lady of my acquaintance that's as *smutty* as a *chimbly*-sweeper; but that's no rule she should *staminate* me. Come, child, where's my dress?"

"Oh, here it is, Ma'am," replied the attendant, displaying a rough flannel gown, with an uncouth, brown, flowered patch on the back, not half so well shaped for a porpoise by the ingenuity of art, as the *wearer* was *moulded* by *nature* to its similar resemblance; however, tossing it over her arm, she waddled into the gallery; and stepping into the machine, left the company to ridicule her ignorant loquacity.

I have been stifled in this crowded room

room long enough, thought I; and as the *unwise woman* of the *cast*, and her vulgarism has taken herself off, I'll follow, not her example, or her footsteps, but to enjoy a stroll on the sands.

END OF VOL. I.

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